

29064

A
T O , U R
THROUGH PARTS OF
ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES,
IN 1778.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS.

By RICHARD JOSEPH SULLIVAN, Esq. K

Semel emissum volat irrevocabile Verbum. HORACE.

SECOND EDITION, CORRECTED AND ENLARGED.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. BECKET, PALL-MALL, BOOKSELLER TO
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES, AND
THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE PRINCES.

M,DCC,LXXXV.

T O U R

THE GREAT BRITAIN OF

ENGLAND, SCOTLAND AND WALES

IN 1778

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS

BY RICHARD JOSEPH OF LONDON

AND

JOHN JOSEPH OF LONDON

AND

AND

AND

AND

AND

AND

AND

AND

AND

AND

AND

AND

AND

AND

AND

AND

AND



AND

AND

AND

AND

AND

AND

AND

AND

AND

AND

AND

AND

AND

AND

AND

AND

AND

AND

P R E F A C E.

WHETHER these Letters were originally intended for publication, or whether they were written for the amusement of a leisure hour, is now a matter of little moment. They unwisely, perhaps, were given to the world; and so given, were ever afterwards beyond the possibility of a recal. The narrative of a Home Tour, unless husbandry, agriculture, or antiquities, take up its general scope, must unavoidably be dry. What is to be expected novel from

what every one is acquainted with? Are not all the children of these fair islands conversant with the situation of Surry, of Derbyshire, of Westmoreland? These places are at our doors, and no man of curiosity and means, but who has, or at least might have, visited and explored their several beauties. Manners and customs too of a domestic soil, are daily under observation; consequently, their delineation would be preposterous. Could any thing found so whimsical, as the grave intelligence, that such are the prevailing fashions of Middlesex—such the fashions of Devon! Moreover, private anecdote, that palatable ingredient in a travelling composition, must (if a writer be actuated either by delicacy or prudence) be necessarily omitted, in the description of one's own country. Panegyric, or satire, are not to be heedlessly dealt,

P R E F A C E.

dealt, when the parties immediately on the spot are to feel them in their full effect. We may, according to some creeds, be privileged as to circumstances at a distance: but, all must agree, that at home, the rights of society claim both attention and politeness. With stubborn impediments then, such as these, to entertainment, the reader will, I flatter myself, indulge me in the assertion, that the throwing together occurrences and remarks, so as to be even commonly amusing, in a Journey through England, is not the easiest of all minor literary tasks. Germany, Italy, France, and other parts, afford such a profusion of new and desirable traits of society, which an ingenious traveller can cull from, that such exhibitions are as mathematically certain of success, as the simplest problem of Euclid is of demonstration. The courteous

teous public evermore receives such strangers with affability, and a fostering predilection. But England, by her own sons, is looked upon as circumscribed, and incapable of yielding either rare or extraordinary gratification.

Labouring then, with not a few unpropitious difficulties; the wholesome advice of Horace forgotten—*Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis æquam viribus*; and with the unfortunate faculty of scattering radical blemishes, through a hasty and unornamented stile, the following pages were, at a planet-stricken moment, committed to the press. If they had experienced a greater degree of the severity of criticism than fell to their share, they had deserved it; for they had much to answer for. But, they were indulgently treated. Good-natured
readers

readers struggled through periods of insipidity with a forbearance, which is cherished in grateful remembrance. Seeing that the attempt struck neither at morality nor good-fellowship, they kindly smiled at imperfections, and trusted to a revision for (what I wish it were in my power to give them) better entertainment. To pay some little of the debt, therefore,—to rectify mistakes, and to correct errors of the press, as well as in a few instances of original composition, the correction of all being impracticable, hath been the aim of the author in this new edition. He still, indeed, looks upon his sketches as meagre and defective; but, as he has added a good deal, and decked himself even in a few more becoming, though borrowed feathers, he flatters himself in the hope, that his little flight o'er a soil, which, in his mind,

mind, teems with rational satisfaction, will not be found altogether deficient in those unassuming points, which would induce an English traveller to search into the natural and highly-improved beauties of his own country,

A TOUR

MOORE'S VOYAGE A

A

T O U R

THROUGH PARTS OF

ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES.

LETTER I.

May, 1778.

THE orders which I received from you at parting are to be obeyed. You enjoined me to a promise of writing to you — and I now sit down to discharge the obligation. Hard task upon us both. Upon you, in the article of patience; and upon me, in that of perseverance. Pray heaven! we neither of us tire. As in all professional cases, however, dignity must be observed; and as I am now in the stately character of an itinerary journalist, I must crave

B

your

your indulgence while I throw, as into a prefatory epistle, a few scattered thoughts on the subject of travelling in general.

Of all the active employments of civil society, that of travelling seems the most important. The mind, restless and eager in its pursuits, pants after novelty. Providence ordained, that man should not confine himself to one particular spot; or, if he did, that it should not be until he had, in the vigour of youth, explored the numerous countries around him; and then, as a resting place for age, have fixed upon some corner, where, forgetting the toils and turmoils of his former days, he might slide with gentleness and peace into eternal rest.

If we consider man in a natural state of society, or, rather, in that state preceding the formation of any compact whatsoever, the want of food must have made him
active

active and diligent. No one place could satisfy his desires. The inclemency of winter must have forced him to withdraw from the unsheltered plain; the heat of summer again have invited him to the field; an inundation have driven him to the hills; or a storm or irruption have urged him to the protection of the woods. Thus, in every situation, we see him compelled, by the wise decrees of fate, to persevere in that activity whence health and all its blessed consequences arise.

Man was not born to imbibe "nutrition, propagate, and rot." Heaven endued him with reason for better purposes. Whether those purposes have hitherto been answered, is a matter foreign to my present subject. Suffice it, that we are conscious of a free will and agency, in effect, essentially different from the instinctive qualities of brutes. That, from being able to form a rational combination of

ideas, we are capable of deriving benefit of and from all other animals in the creation; and that it, therefore, is our own fault, if we do not possess that happiness and comfort which liberal reason leads to the acquisition of.

From man, therefore, in his rude and natural state, let us turn our eyes towards him when bursting from his ignorance. Necessity leads him to a junction with another individual, or a neighbouring clan. Similar danger cements an agreement of similar defence. Each to the other is bound separate and collective to the whole. Infant societies thus become stable and resolved; property usurps the place of every other consideration; and the whole moves by the established regulations of its compact. In this state, as in the first, man is still an active being. The reciprocation of wants begets industry: — industry leads the mind, by imperceptible degrees, to reflection.

reflection. The regularity of seasons, and beauty of situations, are observed; and the social body now proceeds, as inclination or caprice may lead, with as little difficulty, though with more curiosity, than the individual savage, naked and wandering, in his primitive state of nature.

From a commixture of itinerary hords, arose the first nation of the world. The example once given, others formed themselves in like manner. The earth, the indisputable property of all, soon became parcelled among different tribes. Gratification compelled men to seek the choicest spots. Activity, where all were equal, could lead alone to this. Roving was still, therefore, found as essential as in the beginning. Travellers pursued their way with as much avidity as ever; and with a clearer discrimination; for stability became attached to the idea of local, as well as to that of every other tenure.

From this central progress of society, till its last and most polished state, the journey will still be observed, to require the full exertion of each of our mental and corporeal faculties. The laws and regulations, essential to the well government of a kingdom, spring not in all countries, and among every people alike. The Egyptians probably borrowed their customs from the East: the Grecians, in their turn, derived their knowledge from the priests and philosophers of the gods of Isis and Osiris: the Romans, again, in form, applied to the Grecian code for the fundamental principles of their civil and criminal jurisprudence; and to the Romans, and the remnants of old Greece, the western parts of Europe are now indebted for the knowledge which they possess.

These advantages, therefore, could never have been the general portion of mankind, had it not been for travel. Sages
and

ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES.

and legislators, avowing their own insufficiency, have deigned to borrow from others. Each community hath, by this means, assisted its neighbour with its inventions. Agriculture, manufactures, commerce, and mechanics, have consequently improved; the joint endeavours of society have rapidly circulated, and happily concentrating in the same point, have produced those wonderful effects, which, in the beginning, were infinitely too sublime for the uncultivated comprehensions of mankind.

Having thus, in a summary manner, shewn you that Providence hath invariably planted the spirit of activity in the mind of man, and that in whatever situation he may be placed, travel is at all times necessary to him, I shall next proceed to range the several classes which are daily whirling round the world in pursuit of those objects which immediately occupy their several at-

tentions. First come your men of science,
among whom may be found

Chemists and musicians,
Naturalists and tooth-drawers,
Astronomers and quacks,
Philosophers and taylorers,
Poets and friseurs,

and a thousand others coupled in, as ludicrous a manner. Next are your

Travellers of ton,

Children of wealthy families,
Heirs apparent of diseases, titles, and
distinction,

Wadlers astray from the courses of
Newmarket, Almack's, and St.
James's,

Spendthrifts, laughing at their creditors; and

Dillitanti, skimming the shores of
knowledge for a gaping world.

And, last of all, your

Travellers of compulsion, who proceed abroad for health: and those
of

ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES. 9

of sentiment, who search for happiness, and enjoy the blessing wherever they can find it.

In this manner may we rank the generality of those people, who roam at present through the civilised regions of Europe. To us, however, a different task is fortunately assigned. Unoccupied by science, and driven by no necessity to our career, we shall cheerfully trifle along the borders of the fair field; stop where our fancy leads us to expatiate, and wander as our faculties and imagination shall uphold us for the moment.

All matters, as well in physics as in philosophy, must start from a given point. The cause must precede the effect. Mathematically, therefore, to begin our journey, London shall be the birth-place of our travelling existence: but to picture this scene, and to do it justice, would require
the

the efforts of a thousand pens. Nature hath aggregated, in its fostering bosom, the choicest collection of every thing that is contradictory upon earth; and yet the scene is lively. Politeness guards you from impertinence; the laws in general secure you from oppression; and pleasure is at hand whenever it is called for.

In searching into the rise and progress of the different nations of the world, one is naturally led to investigate the causes whence the seeds of their dissolution invariably arise. Many men, and those too of the clearest heads and most benevolent hearts, have attributed to large cities a principal share in the cause of this declension. Extensive towns, say they, drain the country of its inhabitants. The cottagers, unable to support themselves, sink under the pressure of indolence and poverty. Cleanliness, industry, and domestic comfort, banished from their homes, effectually

tually stop the growth of population: the fields in time become uncultivated, agriculture deadens, and the whole becomes a desert.

Large cities indisputably are hurtful to a state. Some capital towns are requisite; but the metropolis should neither contain too great a share of those hands, which might otherwise be more usefully employed, nor bear so manifest a disproportion to the bulk of the nation, as is exhibited by that of London. On this principle, therefore, we may venture to pronounce London too extensive. The head is too unwieldy for the body: and the evils (the mortality of man especially) which it engenders are so numerous and so general, that they rush in torrents into every corner of the country, and there, supplanting health, industry, and content, taint the very vital principles of our political constitution.

Strange,

Strange, however, as it may seem, that a matter, so pregnant with fatal consequences, should not hitherto have met with the healing prevention of the legislature; the tacit consent which is given to the daily increase of this huge leviathan, is an infatuation still more worthy of surprise. How far this spirit of toleration may carry the government, is uncertain; but this surely is beyond denial, that if projectors are in a similar manner permitted to carry on their works, London, in a few years, will feel the want of those necessities of life, which, coming from the country, cannot be expected while that country is deprived of its husbandmen and cultivators.

But if the metropolis is unwieldy, the magazine of gratification which it provides is proportionally abundant and well filled. In touching upon what the generality of mankind deem pleasures, I confine myself

merely to a consideration of those which are attainable by purchase, and not to those that arise from an innate satisfaction of the mind, or from a consciousness of rectitude, springing from reflection.

Were meat, drink, and women, the only objects of desire, no place could furnish the vicious appetites with a greater profusion or variety than London. The taverns are commodious, well supplied, and assiduously attended. The epicure there may feast himself luxuriantly on the primest delicacies of the season; while smiling wantons, as appendages to the treat, are ever ready to receive him — and what are their sufferings to him? — with at least the appearance of tenderness and affection. Poor, miserable wretches, how are your misfortunes to be commiserated! Not a day passes, but you distractedly curse the authors of your being. Cast off to infamy and shame, a few blooming graces support
support

support you a deceitfully smiling year. The nipping frost at length comes and furrows o'er your cheeks. The canker of disease, probably in the hour of youth, anticipates the date of your existence; or want, that horrid fiend, follows you in distress, and, gnawing your fair frames, exhibits you a dreadful example of the inevitable punishment of guilt.

Heaven, for some secret purpose, hath certainly ordained that we should be the tormentors of each other; else why, in every state, do we see such incessant pains to accomplish the destruction of our species? War, drenched in blood, stalks with unremitting rage throughout the different nations of the globe. Villany skulks in every corner of our streets; while unguarded innocence, free from apprehension, falls a daily sacrifice to that curse of our existence, the semblance, not the reality, of tenderness and integrity.

Reflecting

Reflecting on this subject, and especially on the cruel fate of women, can the soul otherwise than shudder at the want of feeling observable in their seducers? Hard-hearted monsters! were you possessed of minds susceptible of even the smallest sparks of goodness—some pity, some remorse, at least, should shew you the baseness of such offences; should teach you to shun a course so full of torment to those betrayed, but lovely, unsuspecting beings; or if your natures should still be too hardened, pride, if nothing else, should lead you to protect from farther infamy those whom a mistaken fondness most fatally brought to ruin. But humanity is stifled, except in theory; beauty and innocence are devoted to destruction. Man prowls about more savage than the beast in search of prey. The gratification of a moment satiates his desire; and the greater number he can bring under the banners of prostitution, the

the more does he elevate himself in his own estimation.

We will not, however, suppose all mankind so diabolically actuated. Much goodness still exists amongst us; and, though indeed rare, there are some examples which shew that man is not universally depraved. Cyrus's generosity, however old of date, is to this hour admired; and the continence of Scipio hath rendered him more glory than all the celebrity of his conquests: but virtue lies concealed: its inherent modesty keeps it from the public eye. Vice, on the contrary, breaks from its pernicious cells, and blazes to the world, sometimes as a terror, but oftener, I fear, as an allurements to its votaries.

Next to the taverns, and other such temples of amusement, come your more fashionable places of entertainment; such as the opera, pantheon, playhouses, &c.

As

As to the first, it unquestionably is entitled to approbation. The music is deservedly admired, and the performers are, in general, of the first ability in their profession. On the contrary, the play-houses, from a dearth of good tragic actors, have been gradually declining. Neither are the productions for the stage, in a very great degree, to be commended, although the true *vis comica* has lately been introduced with singular ingenuity by some of our dramatic writers. The pantheon, indeed, is an elegant recreation. The best company honour it with their presence; and its brilliancy, adorned as it constantly is by the most fragrant and captivating beauties of the creation, is surely no where to be surpassed. Besides these, Bach's and Rauzzini's concerts are in universal esteem, and are, as you may believe, in every respect, the ton.

Thus having taken a summary review of our winter amusements in the capital, I shall next proceed to those of the country, where I shall either on my way, or at the places themselves, pick up such occurrences as I shall think best worthy of your observation. Farewel!

LETTER

LETTER II.

May, 1778.

I HAVE hurried you away from London in a manner less accordant with politeness than conveniency. But the scene was too complicated. I found the subject, and the imagination, too troublesome to indulge myself in description; and the prevention of an evil, you know, is much easier than the stopping it when it hath once begun its progress. Moreover, a reflection here and there is certainly much more lively and interesting than a dry detail of such a world, pervaded in its several parts by the self-same principles of interest and ambition.

The Monkish writers tell us, that London was the emporium of trade when the

Phoenicians visited this island: but when the natives of Tyre came to Britain, it is much more natural to suppose they landed nearest those coasts, Cornwall in particular, where they could best purchase tin. It is natural to believe, likewise, that, before the Romans, the Britons lived truly in the rustic stile, erecting with mud, branches of trees, and reeds, those rural habitations which have since been substituted by edifices of brick, marble, and other innumerable materials of refinement.

But it indisputably was a place of importance in the reign of Nero. Queen Boadicia attacked Paulinus, the Roman general, who commanded in it with ten thousand men, and having defeated him, put all the inhabitants to the sword without distinction, and reduced the place to ashes. On its being rebuilt, the Romans called it Augusta, a name importing not only great honour, but great privileges, and

and such as none but the emperors themselves could confer; for the people were entitled to all the rights and immunities of freemen. At the Norman conquest, it was the place where all the archives of the kingdom were kept, and the chief city in England, in which state it has remained, with very little variation, ever since. Charles II. indeed, formed a resolution of removing the seat of government to Winchester; but the idea was given up on the decease of that monarch.

And now let us begin our journey:— from London, by way of retrograde motion, in our route to Bath, we stopped at Richmond in Surry, a place so delightfully situated, that it is impossible to see it without pleasure and admiration. The town itself, it is true, is low, and void of prospect; as is Peterham, which stands as another arm to the little hill, that midway

rears its head. But take it altogether, the vicinity of the park, the extensive views commanded by the hill, the beautiful windings of the Thames, and the innumerable villas which are lavishly scattered on its banks, and there is not, perhaps, a more beautiful spot in any corner of the globe.

The park, which is certainly the most elegant, though not the most extensive, of any belonging to the crown, was made in the reign of Charles I. and inclosed with a wall, said to be eleven miles in compass. The new lodge was built by Sir Robert Walpole, earl of Orford.

On the ascent of the hill of Richmond are wells of purging mineral water; and on the top of it is an alms-house for the support of ten widows. There is another alms-house endowed with above one hun-

dred pounds a year, besides two charity schools; one for fifty boys; the other for fifty girls. Richmond is between nine and ten miles from London.

From Richmond, crossing the Thames, we proceeded to Runnemede, celebrated for the conference held there between King John and his barons; and where, (the two parties being encamped apart, like open enemies) after a debate of a few days, the king, with a facility which ought to have created suspicion, signed and sealed the great charter: and thence to Windsor in Berkshire, twenty-two miles from London.

William the Conqueror, charmed with the convenient situation of this place for hunting, built a castle here, (which, it is said, has been the residence of one or other of our princes almost ever since) and erected several lodges in its forest.

But the truth is, according to history, that the castle, which now is in being, was built by Edward III.; and his method of conducting the work is recorded as a specimen of the slavery of the people in that age; for, instead of engaging workmen by contracts and wages, he assessed every county in England to send him a certain number of masons, tilers, and carpenters, as if he had been levying an army.

This building hath undergone several alterations and amendments, particularly with respect to the platform which surrounds it, called the Terrace, added by Queen Elizabeth. It was remarkable for containing the kings of France and Scotland at one time, as prisoners of Edward III. St. George's Chapel, in which the knights of the most noble order of the garter are installed, was begun by Edward III. so long ago as 1337, and is one of the

the most beautiful and stately Gothic buildings in the world. In the choir are the stalls of the twenty-six knights of the order, and the banners over them, with a throne for the sovereign. As the knights die, their banners are taken down, and their titles and coats of arms are engraved on little copper plates, and nailed to the stalls; whence they are never removed. This order, from its institution, has been reputed the most honourable of any in the world.

A short while before this institution, Edward III. founded a college, in which were twenty-six alms-knights, to the honour of St. George and Edward the Confessor, and stiled them the Poor Knights of Windsor, all of whom were to be gentlemen, wounded in the wars, or impaired by indigence or age. They are now reduced to eighteen, with an allowance of
forty

forty pounds per annum each. From the terrace you enter into a beautiful park, which lies round the castle, and is called the Little or Home Park, to distinguish it from another adjoining, of much larger extent. Windsor Great Park, as it is called, lies on the south side of the town, and opens by a long walk, in a direct line, to the top of a delightful hill, and is in length about three miles. This park is fourteen miles in circumference, and is well stocked with deer, and a variety of game. The forest is of great extent, computed thirty miles, and was appropriated to hunting, and the keeping of the king's deer, by William I. In this tract of land are several agreeable towns and villages, of which Workingham is the principal. Mr. Pope has rendered it immortal by his delightful poem, entitled Windsor Forest.

“ Here

" Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
 " Here earth and water seem to meet again.
 " Not chaos like, together crush'd and bruis'd,
 " But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd :
 " Where order in variety we see,
 " And where, tho' all things differ, all agree.
 " Here waving groves, a chequer'd scene display,
 " And part admit, and part exclude the day ;
 " There interspers'd in lawns, and op'ning glades,
 " Thin trees arise, that shun each other's shades.
 " Here in full light, the russet plains extend ;
 " There wrapt in clouds, the blueish hills ascend.
 " Ev'n the wild heath displays her purple dyes,
 " And 'midst the desert, fruitful fields arise,
 " That crown'd with tufted trees, and springing corn,
 " Like verdant isles, the sable waste adorn."

In the apartments of the castle, which
 are commodious, and, in the old stile,
 elegantly furnished, are many capital pain-
 tings of the first masters ; one in particu-
 lar of the Countess of Desmond, who is
 said to have lived within a few days of one
 hundred and fifty years of age. In a clo-
 set is the banner of France, annually de-
 livered, on the 2d of August, by the Duke
 of Marlborough ; by which tenure he
 holds Blenheim House, built at Wood-
 stock

stock in Oxfordshire, in the reign of Queen Anne, as a national reward to the great Churchill for his many glorious victories over the French.

At this place also, it is recorded, Cromwell secretly called a council of his chief officers, in the time of the civil wars, in order to deliberate concerning the settlement of the nation, and the future disposal of the king's person. In the conferences held on this subject, and which always commenced with devout prayers, poured forth by Cromwell himself, and other inspired persons, (for the officers of his army received inspiration with their commissions) was first opened the daring and unheard-of counsel of bringing Charles I. to justice, and of punishing, by a judicial sentence, their unhappy sovereign for his mal-administration.

As

As we walked along the terrace of this ancient structure, ruminating on this and on the many monuments of human solidity, strength, but counteracting fragility, which we had been examining, my mind incontinently turned to that subject which we have frequently discussed—the grounds on which we seem to possess the principles of our existence. Man! wonderful in his creation, and no less incomprehensible in the movements of his soul, puzzled me in every view I could place him: look but around, said I to myself, and in one instance you will find him liberal; in another you shall see, that penury shall prey upon his vitals: religion and morality, blasphemy and fraud, shall actuate him by turns: kindness and affection shall be at the one moment pleasing, and at the other disgusting to him. Strange contradiction! but such is the animal denominated human. How many pages, how many volumes have been written to prove the natural

tural goodness, natural depravity, or the united influence of both, in the mind of man ! And yet, how wide, how very wide, are we still from a certainty on this head ! This day we are told, that God ordaineth every thing for the best ; that whatsoever is, is right : that partial evil is a general good. The next comes a philosopher on a different hypothesis : the life of man, he tells you, is embittered by sorrows and misfortune : disease and infirmity, by his creed, croud upon you with unremitting fury : the rage of natural is not more inveterate than that of physical evil : in short, that every thing is imperfect ; and whether from original sin, or from destiny, that man is doomed to misery in this world, and to probationary, if not to eternal, torments in the next.

Speculatively right as the first of these doctrines may be, there is still, perhaps, too much of certainty in the latter, to admit

mit of every person's being an optimist. Discriminate and urge as we please, there is evidently an abundance of both good and evil among us. How to pursue the one, therefore, and how to shun the other, should be the serious study of every member of society. Coercion is of use, when dishonesty gets abroad; but mischief should be prevented. Every man should determine on adhering to that divine precept, of doing unto others as he would be done unto himself. The voice of nature will always urge him to what is right. Let him but govern his own passions, and the universe will appear to move in harmony and sweet concord.

- " Oh happiness! our being's end and aim,
- " Good, pleasure, ease, content! whate'er thy name:
- " That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
- " For which we bear to live, or dare to die;
- " Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies
- " O'erlook'd, seen double by the fool and wise:
- " Plant of celestial seed! if dropt below,
- " Say in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?
- " Ask of the learn'd the way, the learn'd are blind;
- " This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind:

" Some

"Some place the blifs in action, some in ease ;
"Those call it pleasure, and contentment these ;
"Know all the good that individuals find,
"Or God and nature meant to mere mankind,
"Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
"Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence."

POPE.

May these blessings, my friend, be
ever, and most unequivocally, thine.
Adieu !

LETTER

L E T T E R III.

June, 1778.

AT the distance of about two miles from Windsor Castle stands the College of Eton in Buckinghamshire, twenty-two miles from London, and separated from Windsor by the Thames, over which there is an old bridge. It was founded by Henry VI. for the maintenance of a provost and seven fellows, one of whom is vice-provost; and for the instruction of seventy king's scholars, (as those are called who are on the foundation) who, when qualified, are elected, on the first Tuesday in August, to King's College, Cambridge, where they are provided for by scholarships and fellowships; but they are not removed till vacancies fall in the college, and then they are called according to seniority.

The school is divided into upper and lower, and each into three classes. There is a master to each school, and four assistants to each master; there being seldom less than three hundred children, besides those on the foundation, who board at the masters' houses, or elsewhere, within the college bounds.

The vast number of great men which not only Eton, but the other public seminaries of learning in this country, have produced, hath often led me to the long-disputed point, of which should have the preference, a public or a private education. To many men the advantages of a public school are demonstratively evident; but much, as in most cases, may be advanced on both sides. Public schools, as society now is regulated, are certainly possessed of many recommendatory essentials in the point of education. The masters sought after for them are generally men of the

first abilities: the diet of the pupils is carefully attended to, and their learning is less neglected, than the number of boys, and the variety of their talents, would at first give one reason to apprehend. A private tutor, undoubtedly, has it in his power to give more attention to his scholar's education than the master of a large academy. He can watch over the progress of the understanding, and, by constant care, can take advantage of every effort of the mind, and turn it by culture to its proper end. The morals too he has rigidly under his inspection. The seeds of goodness, therefore, planted in such manner in the breast, must bring forth the fairest blossoms of benignity. Gentleness and truth will irresistibly fix in his pupil's mind the loveliness of social virtue. The man cannot but spring up in theoretic perfection; but the passions will have hitherto been silent, because they will not have

had sufficient objects to stimulate them to action.

Could human nature be brought to that degree of relative goodness, which it is natural to suppose it never did, nor ever will possess, but in the abstruse and fine-spun opinions of a few philosophers, a private education would indisputably be best; but as man is the same, that he probably was four thousand years ago, and as the active passions may properly be called the elements of life, something more general is required than what can possibly be imbibed from the instruction of any one person, at once both the master and companion. Moreover, a too-close application, without the necessary recreations, is too apt to impress a boy with a disgust to study when he is freed from the dominion of a tutor, or, what is worse, to enamour him with books, and thereby to ruin his health, and otherwise to deprive him of those

those comforts which nature intended he should enjoy.

On the other hand, the man who has been early sent to school, on his first going there, enters into a world in miniature, similar to the one in which he is afterwards doomed to move. The whole circle of the passions is there to combat and be combated with. Love, hatred, jealousy, revenge, ambition, courage, cowardice, in short, all the most opposite sentiments of the human heart, are there to be found in their different degrees. The dispositions of his fellow creatures thus come experimentally to be made known to him. He soon perceives the delights of goodness, as well as the turpitude of baseness. Pride makes him emulate his superiors. He feels an exultation in rising to be foremost of his class. His incitements to morality become equally strong. Applause attends him in every step of his career.

reer. Self feels its native dignity, and is pleased in the exertion: he rises to be a man with a knowledge of books, and, what is of much more consequence, with a knowledge of his species.

In another light, likewise, the advantages of public are apparently infinitely superior to those of private education. The mingling together draws forth the exertion of children's bodily as well as mental faculties; their nerves in this manner become strong: — by feats of strength they gradually acquire degrees of courage: their little spirits become imperceptibly inured to resent an injury, and to protect the oppressed. Exercise gives an invigorating principle to their system; and they break into the world with health, with spirit, and with understanding, fit to encounter the innumerable vicissitudes which are incident to their existence.

Many

Many more arguments could be advanced in support of a public education; but these are sufficient for you, who are a convert to the discipline of a college. Before I quit Eton, however, I cannot refrain from mentioning an affair which happened there some years ago, and which afforded matter of amusement to all, even the sternest greybeards in the kingdom: and I do it for this particular reason, that it is a corollary to my position, proving to a mathematical certainty, that though the juvenile ebullition of spirit may occasion some wild luxuriancies, yet, that the fervor of liberty and independence, which, at an early period, is instilled into the breast, is the radical foundation of that glow of enthusiastic freedom which ever after is to mark the character of a native of these islands. The story is this: — The scholars, from caprice, or from some real cause of dissatisfaction, seceded in a body from the college, and publicly de-

clared a determination never to return, unless their grievances were redressed. In vain did the masters expostulate with them; in vain did they threaten chastisement to the refractory. All were engaged in the same cause, and each was determined to support the character he had assumed. At length a negociation was set on foot, and a select number of the principal boys were deputed to the masters as plenipotentiaries extraordinary. Every thing being thus brought into a regular train, and the ambassadors arrived at Eton, a categorical demand was made on their part for the redress of those rights which they declared to have been infringed. The masters, however, could not, consistent with their dignity, accede to their propositions. They canvassed them, all abundantly grave, article by article, but without coming to a satisfactory determination. All they would agree to, was a general amnesty. The envoys, disappointed in their expectations, and

and uninstructed as to political concession, pressed for their audience of leave, and returned to their constituents, who, one and all, rejected the terms with indignation.

The next measures to be pursued were thereupon immediately debated ; when it was unanimously resolved, that each scholar should repair to his respective home. Never could surprise have been greater than was that of their parents. Anger, however, quickly gave way to laughable ideas, when they became acquainted with the story ; especially with the latter part of it, wherein they found their children had conducted themselves with all the ludicrous solemnity and precaution of an executive power of a state. But, hard fate for our little heroes ! their cruel fathers sent them back to their masters, who, forgetting the consequence and dignity which they had but lately acknowledged in them themselves, or rather, perhaps,

haps, swelling in their own sufficiency and importance, most daringly trespassed on the laws of nations, and punished the young seceders as if they had never appeared in the respectable light of negotiating equality.

From Windsor, where we dined, we struck into the high Bath road, and halted at Maidenhead Bridge; so called, according to Leland, from a head kept there of one of the eleven thousand virgins who accompanied St. Ursula to Germany, where they all suffered martyrdom. The distance of this place from Taplow, a small village to the northward of it, is about one mile. Here is a house belonging to the Earl of Inchiquin, which, from its appearance, has more the air of a monastery, than the habitation of a nobleman. From his Lordship's garden at Taplow, you enter immediately upon the grounds belonging to his seat at Cliefden. This place, which is in
Bucking-

Buckinghamshire, five miles north west of Windsor, is remarkable both on account of its beautiful situation, and because it was the ordinary residence of the late Prince of Wales, father to the present King. The house was built by John Sheffield, Duke of Bucks, and in much the same style as Her Majesty's palace in St. James's Park. The house and gardens, though they may have been praised, are certainly far from elegant. The former consists of two stories, neither magnificent nor convenient; and the latter of parterres and circumscribed avenues of close-set trees, which impress one with an idea of a place allotted for the dead, more than of an improvement destined for the recreation of the living. The situation, indeed, is fine, particularly the back front, which, on one side, looks upon a highly-cultivated champagne country, and on the other upon an extensive wood, running along a hill, which

which is washed by a beautiful winding of the Thames.

The capabilities of this place, according to the language of a celebrated gardener, are certainly great; and the present Earl of Inchiquin, it is said, has appropriated a large sum towards the bringing it into order. The two houses are distant from each other about two miles and a half, with walks of communication, charmingly continued through the wood on the hill.

After viewing Cliefden, we returned to our inn, whence we prosecuted our journey to Bath, stopping but for horses, and for such necessary refreshment as travellers stand in need of. In our way, indeed, we halted a few hours to pay our respects to the mitred and parliamentary Abby of Reading, and one of the most considerable in England. King Henry I. laid

laid the foundation anno 1121, and his body was buried in it; though, according to Dr. Ducarrel, in his Anglo-Norman antiquities, his heart, eyes, tongue, brains, and bowels, were deposited under a handsome monument, before the high altar, in the ancient priory church of Notre Dame du Pres, otherwise the Bonnes Nouvelles, at Rouen. The last Abbot of Reading was Hugh Farringdon, who, refusing to deliver up his abbey to the visitors, was attainted of high treason; and, in the month of November, 1539, with two of his Monks, named Rugg and Onion, was hanged, drawn, and quartered. This happened on the same day on which the Abbot of Glastonbury suffered the like sentence, for the like unpardonable provocation.

Fuller, in his Church History, has this anecdote of one of the Abbots:—

“ King Henry VIII. as he was hunting
“ in

“ in Windsor Forest, either casually lost,
“ or (more probably) wilfully losing him-
“ self, struck down about dinner time to
“ the Abby of Reading, where, disgui-
“ sing himself, (much for delight, and
“ more for discovery, to see unseen) he
“ was invited to the Abbot's table, and
“ passed for one of the King's guard; a
“ place to which the proportion of his
“ person might properly entitle him. A
“ sirloin of beef was set before him, (so
“ knighted, saith this tradition, by this
“ King Henry) on which the King laid
“ on lustily, not disgracing one of that
“ place for whom he was mistaken.
“ ‘ Well fare thy heart, (quoth the Ab-
“ bot;) and here, in a cup of sack, I re-
“ member the health of his Grace your
“ master. I would give an hundred
“ pounds on the condition I could feed so
“ heartily on beef as you do. Alas!
“ my weak and squeazie stomach will
“ hardly digest the wing of a small rab-
“ bet

“ bet or chicken.’ The King pleasantly
 “ pledged him, and heartily thanked him
 “ for his good cheer; after dinner de-
 “ parted, as undiscovered as he came thi-
 “ ther. Some weeks after the Abbot was
 “ sent for by a Pursuivant, brought up
 “ to London, clapt into the Tower, kept
 “ close prisoner, fed for a short time with
 “ bread and water; yet not so empty his
 “ body of food, as his mind was filled
 “ with fears, creating many suspicions to
 “ himself, when and how he had incurred
 “ the King’s displeasure. At last a sirloin
 “ of beef was set before him, on which
 “ the Abbot fed as the farmer of his
 “ grange, and verified the proverb, ‘ That
 “ two hungry meals make the third a
 “ glutton.’ In springs King Henry out
 “ of a private lobby, where he had placed
 “ himself the invisible spectator of the
 “ Abbot’s behaviour. ‘ My Lord, (quoth
 “ the King) presently deposit your hun-
 “ dred pounds in gold, or else no going
 “ hence

“ hence all the days of your life. I have
“ been your phyfician to cure you of your
“ fqueazie ftomach ; and here, as I de-
“ ferve, I demand my fee for the fame.”
“ The Abbot down with his duft, and
“ glad he had efcaped ; fo returned to
“ Reading, as fomewhat lighter in purfe,
“ fo much more merrier in heart, than
“ when he came thence.”

Bath is one hundred and feven miles from London. This city took its name from natural hot baths ; for the medicinal virtues of which, this place hath long been celebrated and much frequented. This city was famous among the Romans for its falubrious waters. Upon the fpot where the cathedral now ftands, a temple is faid to have formerly been dedicated to Minerva, who was the tutelar deity of thofe fprings, and from thence the ancient Britons called this city *Caer Palladur*, i. e. *The City of the Water of Pallas*. It was

was afterwards called by the Saxons, Accmannesceaster, which signifies the City of Valetudinarians; and upon Lansdown Hill, near this city, there are still to be seen the remains of a fortification, thought to have been thrown up by the Saxons in the year 520, when they defended themselves against the victorious King Arthur. Bath stands in a valley, upon the north bank of the river Avon, and is encircled by hills in the form of an amphitheatre. It is surrounded by walls, which, though slight and almost entire, are supposed to be the work of the Romans. It contains five hot baths, called the King's Bath, the Queen's Bath, the Cross Bath, the Hot Bath, and the Leper's Bath. There is also a cold bath.

The King's Bath is sixty feet square, supplied by many hot springs that rise in the middle of it. In this bath there is the figure of an ancient British King,

called Bleyden the Soothsayer, with an inscription, importing, that he discovered the use of these springs three hundred years before the Christian æra.

The Queen's Bath is separated from the King's Bath only by a wall. It has no spring; but receives its water from the King's Bath, and is therefore less hot.

The Cross Bath had its name from a cross that formerly stood in the middle of it. Its heat is also less than that of the King's Bath, because it has fewer springs.

The Hot Bath was so called from having been formerly hotter than the rest; but was not then so large as it is now.

The Leper's Bath is formed from the overflowings of the Cross Bath, and is allotted for the use of the poor.

The

The Cold Bath is supplied by a fine cold spring. The hot springs were fenced in by the Romans with a wall, to separate them from the common cold springs, with which this place abounds; and there is a tradition, that they also made subterraneous canals to carry off the cold waters, lest they should mix with the hot ones. As this city lies in a valley, surrounded with hills, the heat of these waters and their milky detergent quality are ascribed to the admixture and fermentation of two different waters distilling from two of those hills, one called Claverton Down, and the other Lansdown. The water from Claverton Down is supposed to be sulphurous or bituminous, with a mixture of nitre; and the water from Lansdown is thought to be tinctured with iron ore. These waters, so justly celebrated, are recommended in various disorders, particularly in those denominated chronic.

The town itself is remarkably elegant and clean, especially those buildings called the Crescent and the Circus, and which are inhabited by people of consequence. The former is probably one of the most beautiful structures in the world. The rides about Bath are agreeable, when you once ascend the downs; but the hills up to them are so steep and wearisome, that it requires no small degree of resolution to take that exercise which the physicians invariably recommend. No place in England, in the proper season, affords so brilliant a circle of good company as Bath. The aged, the young, the infirm, and the hale, all resort to this vortex of amusement. Ceremony, beyond the essential rules of politeness, is totally exploded: every one mixes upon an equality; and the entertainments are so wisely regulated, that although there is never a cessation of them, there is never a lassitude from bad hours, or from an excess of dissipation.

The

The constant rambling about, too, of the younger part of the company, is enlivening and chearful. In the morning, the rendezvous is at the Pump Room; from that time, till noon, in walking on the parades, or in the different quarters of the town; thence to the Pump Room again: from the Pump Room to a fresh stroll, and then to dinner; and from dinner to the rooms, where dancing or the card table concludes the evening.

Every thing being regulated at Bath, with respect to the accommodation of strangers, there is no danger of imposition, if you will but take the trouble to purchase a small pamphlet, which clearly points out the different customs and usages of that town. This will be had at York House, the best hotel in the place, where a traveller should continue a day or two, the better to determine on that quarter where he would wish to have his lodging.

Elegant as the society at Bath indisputably is, it is impossible to avoid enjoying the ludicrous description which is given of it by Anstie, in his New Bath Guide :

" If a broker or statesman, a gamester or peer,
 " A nat'raliz'd Jew, or a bishop, comes here,
 " Or an eminent trader in cheese should retire,
 " Just to think of the bus'ness the State may require,
 " With horns and with trumpets, with fiddles and drums,
 " They'll strive to divert him as soon as he comes."

On one side of the road to Claverton Down, is Prior Park, a seat of the late Mr. Allen, situated almost on the summit of Charlton Hill. This place has been celebrated by Mrs. Chandler, in a poem addressed to Mr. Allen, on the beauties of Prior Park.

" Thy taste refin'd appears in yonder wood,
 " Not nature tortur'd, but by art improv'd;
 " Where cover'd walks, with open vistas meet,
 " An area here, and there an open seat.
 " A thousand sweets in mingled odours flow,
 " From blooming flow'rs which on the borders grow,
 " In numerous streams the murmur'ing waters thrill,
 " Uniting all obedient to thy will ;

" Till

- "Till by thy art in one canal combin'd,
 "They thro' the wood in various mazes wind;
 "From thence the foaming waves fall rapid down,
 "In bold cascades, and lash the rugged stone;
 "But here their fury lost, the calmer scene
 "Delights the softer muse and soul serene:
 "An ample bason, center of the place,
 "In lymph transparent holds the fleecy race;
 "Its glassy face, from ev'ry ruffle free,
 "Reflects the image of each neighbouring tree;
 "On which the feather'd choirs, melodious throng,
 "By love inspir'd, unite in tuneful song.
 "Their tuneful song th' echoing woods resound,
 "And falling waters add a solemn sound;
 "Sure 'tis the muses' haunt! 'tis hallow'd ground." }

Having seen every thing curious in and about Bath, I shall next direct my course towards the more southern parts of the island.

E 4

LETTER

L E T T E R IV.

June, 1778.

HAVING, as I informed you in my last, determined on the route we should take into the more distant parts of Somerset and Wiltshire, we proceeded as far as Pensford, a small, inconsiderable town, situated on the river Thew. From Pensford we continued our journey to Catterworth; where, after long waiting, and much trouble, we got fresh horses. Near this place is Bow Ditch, where there are still the remains of a Roman camp, almost (and such shape was unusual) in a circular form, and, being on the summit of a hill, commands a fine prospect. Within a small distance are some considerable coal-pits, together with the remains of a place of druidical worship. From Catterworth
we

we proceeded on our way to Chutenham, a small, indifferent-looking village; and thence to the Mendip Hills, distant about three or four miles,

Never did travellers begin a jaunt with more unpropitious omens than we did; the morning was darkened with heavy, lowering clouds, which promised a continuance of rain, that had already drenched the country: the places we had planned for observation were, in general, exposed to every inclemency that possibly could affect us; and, to mend the matter, the major part of our present little society consisted of ladies. Fortune, however, befriended us when we least expected it; for scarce had we come in view of the delightful Mendip Hills, covered to a vast extent with heath and fern, and charmingly ornamented in the patriarchal stile, with sheep and a variety of cattle, than the clouds began to wear away. A threatening

tening fog at first began to gather round us; but this soon dispersed, and by the time we reached the summit, the sun had taken possession of the day, and every thing assumed a face of re-animated beauty. The clouds, indeed, that still continued rolling down the hills, prevented us from fully knowing the beauties of our situation. We stopped, however, in expectation, for we were prepared for them, and, in about five minutes, were most amply rewarded for our patience. On the one side, picture to yourself the towering hills, whose sides we were traversing, and whose loftiest brows slowly declined; while, on the other, the highly-cultivated lands of Somerset, smiling in all the luxuriance of art and nature, burst upon our view. Believe me, I do not exaggerate when I say, we were lost in admiration. The unfavourable outset we had made, had prepared us sufficiently for gratification; nor were we backward in enjoying it in its fullest

fullest extent. Proceeding on then, but slow, and cautious of not losing a single object which might present itself, we descended the hills. On the right, and in the front, with hills, woods, and dales, delightfully intermixed; and on the left, with the town of Wells, and a bold romantic prospect of the tower of Glastonbury at a distance. To Wells we next bent our course.

Wells in Somersetshire is sixteen miles from Bath, fifteen from Bristol, and one hundred and twenty-seven from London: it is situated at the foot of the Mendip Hills; and is a clean, pretty town. John de Villula, the sixteenth bishop of this see, removed his residence and spiritual authority to Bath; but the contest between this church and that of Bath being afterwards compromised, it was determined that the bishops should thereafter be stiled Bishops of Bath and Wells, and that the canons of each.

each should, on the vacancy of the see, appoint deputies to elect the bishop, who was to be installed in both churches. Its church, at first a monastery, was built by Ina, King of the West Saxons; and in the year 905 was erected into an episcopal see. The west front of the cathedral, which has been much admired, seems to have been magnificent, being an intire pile of statues; but the taste being wildly Gothic, or Saracenic, it does not strike a common observer with either elegance or simplicity. The cloisters adjoining to it are spacious and fair. The chapter house is a rotund, supported by a pillar in the middle; and the vicars' dwellings, in the close, are commodious. The bishop's palace is neither elegant nor grand, although it, in general, has the reputation of being both. The walls and the mote undoubtedly give it the air of a castle; but, altogether, it presents a most unfavourable aspect to a traveller. The deanry is a
fine

fine house; and there are likewise good habitations for the prebendaries: but the cathedral is by much, as of course it should be, the finest building. The outside carries a venerable and awful appearance, and the inside is carefully attended to, both with respect to neatness and conveniency. On one side of the altar stands a monument of Bishop Still in his episcopal robes, and on the other an emblematical representation of Miss Kidder, who, in the year 1703, fell a remarkable instance of filial affection. This young lady was daughter of a bishop of that name, who, with his wife, were both crushed to death, in the town of Wells, by the falling of a chimney; which accident so afflicted the young offspring, then no more than sixteen years of age, that it disordered her senses, and she died distracted a few months afterwards. She is represented in the attitude of looking at

two

two urns, supposed to contain the ashes of her parents.

In one of the aisles is shewn, the tomb and representation of Bishop Beckington, who, in an impolitic fit of religious phrenzy, attempted to fast during Lent. It is said to be well authenticated, that, for an extraordinary number of days, some say thirty-nine, he absolutely did refrain from food. His punishment was what his presumption was entitled to. He fell a victim to it: nor did commiseration attend his fall. Scattered up and down the church are also many ancient monumental figures, dug out of the ruins of Glastonbury Abbey; but transplanted to Wells, as being more modern, and consequently more fashionably hallowed ground. One in particular of Friar Milton. The windows, too, of this cathedral are curious, although the principal one of the chapel is

is rather too much crouded with stained and whimsically-ornamented glass.

Thus having observed the body of the cathedral, we next ascended to the library by a flight of stairs, which gives one the idea of a prison, more than of a church. The library, like most of those of orthodox societies, is filled with folios of law and polemical divinity: but the fathers apparently sleep in quietness on the shelves; nor are they disturbed, excepting when an explanation is wanted of a point too knotty for modern capacities. Turning over the pages of these subtle, but absurd remnants of human imposition, I was suddenly called by one of the ladies, who, with much exultation, told me of a book which had been put into her hands by the person who was our guide, and who (with palpable conviction as to the truth of what he said) informed her, it was the wonder of all wonders; nothing less than a book composed,

composed, printed, and bound, before the invention of paper, of which Europeans so much boast. How such a matter as this could possibly exist, or, if it did exist, how it could have found its way into the library of Wells, was a point not easy to determine. I went, however, to the place where this precious relique lay ; but, what was my surprise, when, instead of a bundle of the papyrus, bound together according to the custom of the Egyptians, or of the Palmira, strung according to the Hindoos of this day, either of which might possibly have puzzled the poor man, I was formally presented with an octavo in the Chinese language. Never did people laugh more heartily than we did, at the extravagance of this literary imposition. But our guide was still tenacious, and would not believe us, when we told him what it was ; neither could we reconcile him to the doctrine, until we offered to procure him an hundred similar productions, and

to submit them all, if he pleased, to the learned of the diocese for their decision. This gained us at length some credit; and he then, with confusion and disappointment in his countenance, vowed he would throw it aside, and never more be the instrument of imposition on the credulity of the public. But that which rendered the farce still more amusing, was the waggery of the scientific donor, a reverend priest and professor of Theology, who had written his name and character in the first page, together with the dates of the day and year on which he had presented so valuable a morceau of antiquity to the cathedral.

Concluding our observations at Wells, we proceeded to a famous cavern in the Mendip-Hills, called Okey-hole, one of the most celebrated natural curiosities in that part of England. The distance of this cavern from Wells is about two miles,

and the road to it is good. Arrived at the bottom of the hill, we enquired for a guide; and having procured one, whose age and visage most inevitably would have condemned her to the flames a century ago, we followed her up a narrow path of a cliff, the perpendicular height of which could not be less than 200 feet; the old witch herself bearing a lanthorn in one hand, and a bundle of lights in the other. The ascent was wonderfully fine and romantic; for at the bottom, which was just discernible for variously foliaged trees, we could perceive the glimmering of water, flowing with rapidity, while an equally tremendous cliff erected itself on the opposite side. Being arrived at the distance of about fifty yards from the place where we left our carriage, we found ourselves close to the entrance of this dreary cavern. I do not recollect whether you were ever in a situation of this kind; but there is something trying in every preparation that is made,

made, contrary to what we have been in general used to. This was observable not so much in the faces, or in the words and actions of the ladies, for they were all of them resolute and determined; but, somehow or other, it was evident in an uncommon something in every thing which passed. The first order we received from our regenerated Hecate, was to leave our hats behind us. Handkerchiefs were of course tied round our heads, and a lighted taper was then presented to each of the party. Thus prepared to encounter the gloomy horrors of the scene, we formed ourselves in the order in which we were to enter. Imprimis, as the van, went our tottering conductress; next your humble servant, then the three ladies, and close to them, the servants. Proceeding in this manner to the door (some careful person having placed a door to this desirable habitation) the first thing that struck us was a bleak humidity issuing from the cavern.

On we went, however, resolved to combat heats, colds, or any thing else that should encounter us. On entering the cave, we perceived a vast number of large stones, confusedly scattered about, over some of which, we were told, lay the path-way of our journey. As you advance, the cavern widens, and continues to increase, until you come to about thirteen steps, which you descend into a narrow passage, where you are shewn the tomb, as they call it, of the Old Witch of Okey, who resided at this place. This tomb is a mishapen piece of rock, incrusted. From the passage you enter into the kitchen, and from the kitchen into an immense cavern called the Church, many parts of which are upwards of forty feet high. Here the footing is indifferent; for the rocks being irregularly scattered on one side, and the river Axe winding itself along on the other, you scarce can find room to make your way either with firmness or safety. No-
thing

ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES. 49

thing can be conceived more awful than the appearance of this chasm. The spar too, which is as it were brilliantly placed along the confines of the river, with chrystal drops, like diamonds, pendant around it, are beauties with which you would be highly delighted; especially as you can draw them into an assemblage, with the incrustations of the altar, the hanging hare, the cave and cave tub, and a large piece of rock, which leans towards the river, without a name.

After the church and its several beauties, the next objects of admiration are the arm-chair and the cooler, both of them fine incrustations; the former shaped in the rural garden stile, with ribs, and the latter surrounding a small bason of delicious water. From the passage which immediately leads from this, you descend eight steps, and continue till you come to another figure of spar, denominated the

Lyon's Head, and situated in the corner of a prodigious cupola, called the Servants' Hall. This hall has the appearance of being the loftiest of all the chasms. We could not ascertain the exact height of it; but the best computation we could make, brought it to about fifty feet. Hence we proceeded to what is stiled the Great Hall, passing in our way the hall chimney, a narrow cavern of considerable height.— This hall has infinitely the largest area in the cave, being in the figure of a rotunda, and measuring in its centre about the height of five and twenty feet. The ceiling is exquisitely even; and the echo, as may be supposed, prodigiously clear and awful. Here indeed we might say, we experienced something of the effect of the sublime and beautiful. As we advanced, we had gradually met with new and surprising objects; here we had them as it were gathered together in one point of view.

Exploring

Exploring with silent admiration, and reflecting on the wonderful operation of those parts of matter, which, in a convulsion, must certainly have formed this cavern, we determined on ascertaining the truth of what we had heard advanced, relative to the body of water, which was winding at our feet, and which was denominated in former days the source of the river Axe. Our guide, however, soon satisfied us on this head, by saying, that when the Axe was low, many people had traced it from the place where we then stood, to a considerable distance beyond us; that it did not rise even in the hill in the body of which we were, but that it had its source in a neighbouring one, whence it proceeded through other caverns into that of Okey.

Resolved in this point, and pleased with every thing we had met with in the cave, we returned in the manner we had entered;

nor did we do this sooner than was necessary, for the humidity and coldness of the place, together with the unwholesomeness of the air, rendered a change of climate necessary. Take it all in all, however, no man of curiosity should visit Somersetshire without seeing Okey-hole; nor should he, to do that in perfection, enter it without torches, candles being too small, as we experienced, to afford a sufficiency of light for the innumerable objects with which it is crouded.

Returning from the cave by the pathway we had ascended, we, at the bottom of the hill, stopped at a manufactory of paper, worked by the waters of the Axe: Not knowing to whom this place belonged, we carelessly talked of examining the work in its various parts, as we passed the door; nor did we dream of a hindrance to our progress, when an elderly looking man, suddenly told us, “ Many people made free
“ with

“ with what was not their own ; that
“ our guide had no right to promise us a
“ sight of the paper-works, as they did
“ not belong to her ; nor had we any
“ claim to a privilege of interfering with
“ his property. But,” continued the old
testy gentleman, softening, “ if you are
“ so inclined, you are very welcome to
“ see them, and there is the door.”——

Struck by the oddity of this extraordinary address, we did not immediately reply to him, as we could have wished. We however begged pardon for our presumption ; attributed it to our ignorance of his being the proprietor, and apologized for the guide in the best manner we were able. Kind language goes far with all sorts of creatures. The effect was visible on the paper-maker, who, tickled with the compliments which were paid him, instantly shook off his moroseness, and attended us himself. To those who have never seen a paper manufactory the first appearance must be

be entertaining. In the first instance, in the cutting of rags and pieces of cloth garbled from every cellar and hole in the kingdom; in the next, in the grinding them to a proper consistency of fineness; in the third, in the forming the sheets from a liquid appearing like starch, and so on through the several stages, to the package.

Wearied not a little with what we had already seen, and reflecting on that which was yet to be observed, we thankfully quitted our new acquaintance, and getting into our carriages, proceeded to the village of Glastonbury, distant from Wells about six miles.

Without paying any regard to monkish fables, or to the ingenious tricks of selfish ecclesiastics, I will just inform you of such points as immediately relate to the famous abbey of this place, which, for riches and grandeur, if not superior, was at least equal

equal to any in England. Glastonbury was early in repute among the West Saxons, as appears from Nennius and Geoffrey of Monmouth, who both tell us that our great Arthur was buried there; and Giraldus Cambrensis, who lived in the time of Henry II. says he saw his coffin dug up. King Ina, the West Saxon, founded the abbey, and it continued to receive so many donations, that in the time of Canute the Great they obtained a charter, whereby every person, even the king himself, was excluded from coming within any part of its bounds without leave of the abbot. Some notion may be formed of the ancient grandeur of this monastery, from what yet remains of the different buildings. There were constantly one hundred monks resident in the cloisters, and the abbot had seldom less than three hundred domestics, many of whom were sons of the principal nobility. Its revenues exceeded those of Canterbury or Durham.

Durham. This magnificent abbey was built in a peninsula near the river Bry, called the Isle of Avalon, and ever since the dissolution of religious houses, the chief support of the town has consisted in the great numbers of people who have resorted thither to visit the ruins; but the inhabitants having removed many of the stones to repair their houses, the number of travellers hath of late years decreased. The church was a prodigious pile of building, and great part of the walls of the choir are still standing. Two of the great pillars that supported the middle tower are yet remaining, but mostly overgrown with ivy; and part of the high altar in the choir, where the West-Saxon kings were buried, is still to be seen; but in the same ruinous condition as the church.—Indeed, such are the devastations made by the devouring hand of time, and the depredations committed by avarice, that the chapel of St. Mary, on the north side of the

the

the church, has been converted into a stable, the manger being placed on the altar. Near this chapel of St. Mary, was a smaller chapel, built by King Edgar; but the walls are totally destroyed, nothing but the foundation being left, excepting some small turrets, which have been placed in the spaces between the windows. The floor was of stone, and many of the Saxon nobility were buried under it, in coffins of lead, which have since indeed been taken away, and melted into cisterns. The only thing that remains of this magnificent structure, and which was erected to bid defiance to the ravages of time, is the Abbot's kitchen, built entirely of stone; but this kitchen is likewise converted to a use for which it was never intended, and probably in a few years it will experience the same fate with the rest of the apartments. As many pilgrims visited Glastonbury, the abbots built an inn for their reception, where they were furnished with all the necessities

necessaries of life, in a truly royal style. It is still standing in the town, and known by the sign of the George, having the arms of the Saxon kings over the gate.

On a hill, called the Torr, adjoining to the town, was formerly a church dedicated to St. Michael, where Richard Whiting, the last and most celebrated abbot, and whose hospitality was so great, that he often entertained five hundred horsemen at a time, was hanged by order of King Henry VIII. together with two of his monks, for having dared to let fall some hasty expressions, when the King's commissioners arrived to seize upon his revenues.

The account of this violent and extraordinary act, is to this purport given by a writer, who, in charity, as he paints high, we will suppose to have been an interested religionist.—Whiting was Abbot
of

of this monastery; a man both venerable for his age, which was almost decrepid, and really wonderful for the moderation of his religious life, which he had preserved amidst the greatest plenty of temporal blessings. For this England had still retained, that though the monasteries were extraordinary wealthy, they should not be governed by any but monks. All the religious men also, who lived in community, were most assiduous in the choir, and very rarely ever went abroad, without the enclosure of their monasteries. Whiting, therefore, being Abbot, had an entire and enclosed monastery of about an hundred religious men; but, according to the custom of abbots, he maintained three hundred domestics, in separate houses and places adjoining; and among them many gentlemen's sons. Besides, he kept many at their studies at the universities. He practised hospitality to all travellers passing by upon any account whatsoever; insomuch, that he sometimes

entertained five hundred horsemen. On Wednesdays and Fridays, he distributed bountiful and fixed alms on the poor resorting from all the villages round about : and this was the custom of almost all the other monasteries and richer abbots in England. The King's officers, who went about to the monasteries, having therefore acquainted Henry VIII. that Whiting could not be prevailed upon to sign the instrument proposed by his Majesty, they were directed to bring him immediately to London, without hindering him from taking along a decent retinue suitable to his dignity ; but to take care that he should dispose of nothing that belonged to the monastery : and lastly, that a certain knight, who was the chief of his family, and whom the King's officers had already corrupted, should come with him, as it were to assist him on his journey, but in reality as a keeper and spy. When he was come to London, the King's coun-
fellors

fellors did not think fit to say much to him, when they understood from his steward that he was positively resolved never to subscribe that instrument; but the King would not seem to exact it from any man by force. Having searched Whiting's cabinets, the King had found a little book, written against the Divorce, brought in without Whiting's knowledge by them that searched, which he thought a sufficient excuse to put him to death. Having, therefore, received a slight check, and being stripped of part of his retinue, (for he came with an hundred and fifty horse) he was dismissed from London to receive the King's pleasure at home. But, when he arrived at the city of Wells, which is five miles from Glastonbury, he was informed that there was an assembly of the gentry, and he summoned to it. He went immediately, and entering the court, was going to take his place among the prime of them, when the crier called him to the

bar, and bid him answer to the crimes of high treason laid to his charge. The old man wondered—looked about him, and asked his steward what the meaning of it might be? He, as he had been instructed, bid him be of good heart, whispering him, that this was all done to fright him. Soon after, Whiting was condemned, and sent away to Glastonbury, yet never imagining that his end was so near. When he came near the walls of the monastery, a Priest was presented to him, to hear his confession, in the horse-litter that carried him; for they assured him, he must die that very hour. The old man, with tears, begged he might have a day or two allowed him to prepare for death; or at least, that, going into the monastery, he might recommend himself to the monks, and take his leave; but neither was granted; for, being turned out of the horse-litter, and laid upon an hurdle, he was dragged along the ground to the top of an high hill,

which overlooks the monastery, where he was hanged in his monk's habit, and quartered on the day above mentioned. The shepherd being slain, the sheep were easily dispersed; nor were there many religious men found afterwards to oppose the King's tyranny. Henry, like a conqueror, invaded, threw down, plundered, and demolished all; but, the possessions and revenues of the monasteries he, for the most part, distributed amongst the nobility, that they might never after be reclaimed or restored to the church by any of the Princes his successors, exchanging some for other lands and revenues, and disposing of others for ready money; and he compelled the Catholics, against their wishes, to buy these spoils of the church, to the end he might, by that means, oblige them to defend his wicked act. And this was the end of the monasteries and monks in England, almost a thousand years after they had brought the Christian faith into that

island; increasing with it, and being advanced by the generosity of all the kings. King Henry, that he might rejoice in wickedness, and glory in his sin, commanded the bishops and other churchmen, that in all their sermons to the people, they should congratulate the expelling of the monks out of England, and inform the multitude how advantageous the same would be to them; as being delivered not only from the Pope's yoke, but also from the trouble of these monks; of which there was frequent gratulation in most places.

Having said thus much of the present and ancient state of Glastonbury, it remains that you should be made acquainted with the story of the celebrated Thorn, which in the dark and ignorant ages of popery, was denominated Holy. The monks tell us, that when Joseph of Aramathea arrived at this place, and preached the gospel to the natives, he took up his residence

residence on the hill called Torr, where many people flocked to hear him, though, as may be reasonably supposed, the greatest part, in general, doubted of his mission. But the holy man, conscious of his innocence, yet eager to vindicate himself from the imputation of imposture, struck his stick into the ground, and, lifting up his eyes to heaven, prayed that God would remove their unbelief by some signal act of his power. The prayer was no sooner heard than complied with ; for, behold a miracle ! the staff took root, spread out its blossoms, and the obstinate Britons immediately embraced the faith of Christ. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, however, an over-zealous Protestant, not having the fear of God before his eyes, hewed down one of the branches of this holy thorn, and having brought his destroying axe to another, aimed a dreadful blow, which happily did not escape with impunity ; for no sooner had he struck with the most un-

provoked levelling wickedness, than one of the chips flew into his eye, and blinded him; while the axe itself, as in revenge for being put to such horrid purposes, fell on his foot, and wounded him in a terrible manner. The last attack that was made on it, (for frequent were its sufferings) was in the civil wars between Charles I. and his parliament, when the whole tree, even to the roots, was torn up by the foldiers of Cromwell, who considered it as a relic of idolatry; but some slips having been afterwards engrafted on the other shrubs, there are still remaining three of the trees for the observation of the curious. The tree, it is true, is of a remarkable species in this country; but is very common in the Levant and Asia Minor. It differs, says Mr. Miller, from our common hawthorn, by putting out its leaves early in the spring, and flowering twice a year; for in mild seasons it often flowers in November and December, and again at the usual

usual time of the common sort; but the stories which are told of its budding, blooming, and fading on Christmas-day, are, as you will readily suppose, ridiculous, and without foundation.

The whole of this place of Glastonbury is worth seeing. One cannot, however, but regret the inattention which is paid to the ruins, perhaps unknown to the present proprietor; for besides what I have already mentioned, there are stacks of wood and hay, together with an intolerable quantity of brambles, briars, and such like impediments to curiosity, most profusely scattered in the different avenues and passages; and the country people have even ventured upon the privilege of taking away the stones and the other materials to mend the roads. Care should, no doubt, be had to the comforts of the living; but some little regard, one would hope, should be paid to the reliques of the dead.

Leaving Glastonbury, we proceeded to Somerton, situated on a branch of the Parret. It is a post town, and was once much celebrated. The county took its name from it. It is a healthy place, though so near the moors, for it lies on a hard soil; but in wet winters, people have been known to come from the Parret in boats to the very doors. It is remarkable for having in its neighbourhood a moor of twenty thousand acres of ground for grazing the cattle of such as have a right to common. From Somerton we continued our journey to Ilchester, or Ivelchester, one hundred and twenty-nine miles from London, situated on the Ivel. Some say the castle was built by the Romans to curb the Britons, after Boadicia's insurrection, and that the Roman fofs-way passed through the town. That Roman coins have been dug up at Ilchester, and that it was a populous and important place about the time of the Conquest,

Conquest, is certain. It is noted for having been the birth-place of Roger, the famous friar Bacon. From Ilchester we proceeded to Yeovil, called Evil or Ivil, a very neat and handsome little town, situated on a branch of the Parret, one hundred and twenty-three miles from London.— Nothing remarkable occurred to us during this little progress from Glastonbury. A fine view, indeed, presented itself on leaving Somerton; but it soon vanished, and the remainder of the road was but indifferent. From Yeovil our next stage was Milbourn Port, a small inconsiderable town on the borders of Somerset; and thence our road lay to Shaftesbury in Dorsetshire. This place stands upon a hill, in the post road to Exeter, fourteen miles from Salisbury, and one hundred and two from London, and has a prospect both of Somerset and Wiltshire. It is supposed to have been built in the eighth century, and to have been enlarged by Alfred. King
Edward

Edward the Confessor lies buried here.—

But, all in all, it has but a miserable appearance; the houses are old and dirty, and the streets are narrow and ill paved. Here we continued one night, resolved to prosecute our journey, when we should have rested a little from our labour.

LETTER

LETTER V.

June, 1778.

INFINITELY more refreshed than we had reason to expect from the poverty of our accommodations, we next morning set off for Wardour Castle, a seat of Lord Arundel's, in Wiltshire. The entrance to the grounds by the road we came from Shaftesbury was wild and picturesque. On the left a deep glen, with a wood boldly ascending, and spreading its arms along a neighbouring hill, while our right was shaded by a shrubbery, which, in a few years, will probably have every advantage that attentive cultivation can give it. Proceeding along this road, which has a gentle winding round a hill, you open the new house, which is yet unfinished, although it has been erecting
these

these seven years. The appearance of this house, from the distance I am now speaking, is truly magnificent; and the grounds are swelled and disposed of to advantage. The site of the edifice, however, is too low. In many points of view it appears buried. Moreover, to descend to anything diminishes its magnitude; whereas the rising to it increases it in size, and fully displays the elegance of its proportions. The next objects, as you advance, are the ruins of the old castle, distant about a thousand yards from the road. This pile has still the appearance of Gothic magnificence. In the civil wars it was rendered conspicuously remarkable by Blanch, daughter of Edward Earl of Worcester, and relict of Thomas Lord Arundel, who died in the garrison of Oxford attending King Charles I. this lady having held out the castle with but five and twenty men against the parliamentary army of thirteen hundred, and surrendered it at last only on honour-

honourable terms; terms which were not kept, as both she and her children were iniquitously imprisoned, and despoiled of a property estimated at five and twenty thousand pounds.

The new house that is building is at least a mile from the castle. The plan is heavy, and, if I may venture an opinion, externally void of elegance: the inside, indeed, repays the want of beauty on the out. The rooms are large and well disposed, and the furniture simply magnificent. The staircase is grand, and the offices on the ground floor both handsome and convenient.

In running through a description of the different places I may visit, I shall not confine myself to minute or critical accounts of every thing, more especially of pictures; but shall generally indulge myself in such manner as either whim or judgement

judgement may be affected in the observation. The breadth of the mansion house is one hundred and fifteen feet, and that of each of the wings one hundred and sixteen feet, making in all, but with very little sweep, three hundred and forty-seven feet. The ball or grand drawing room, as it is stiled, is fifty-four feet long, twenty-seven broad, and twenty-seven high; and a smaller one adjoining to it, is of those dimensions which are suitable to the connection. The views from this latter room are, however, better than those from the large room, especially from the side window. The music room is pretty, with an elliptic, or, what is generally termed, a flat arch. These all are yet unfinished. The common dining room has the look of elegance and neatness. It is well proportioned, and the furniture is happily chosen. Among other pictures in this room are the following:

A storm

A storm and a moonlight, by Verney.

A portrait, by Vandyke, most highly animated.

Some family pieces, by Sir Peter Lely.

A Hugo Grotius, by Rubens: and

A St. Michael leading Peter out of prison, by Michael Angelo.

But here, before we go any farther, it may not be amiss to say a few words of some of the celebrated painters, whose works we shall have such abundant cause to admire in the course of our journey. I do not mean to overpower you with a profusion of critical knowledge touching their art; neither shall I presume at a knowledge, which, I know my own deficiencies too well, to suppose I possess, of attitude, costume, contour, expression, casting, &c. All I shall aim at is, a hint or two *en passant*, and which I have, in some degree, gathered from their memoirs, that a brief acquaint-

acquaintance with each of their stories may lead you to look at their works with an eye of kind and curious discrimination.

Various are the requisites said to be wanting in a person who is readily to discern the perfections of a performance. Independent of every thing relative to colours, the chiaro-scuro, drawing, and design, a knowledge of anatomy is likewise declared to be essential, that the connoisseur may form a steady judgement of the swell or depression of the muscles in different actions and attitudes; of the true proportion of the limbs and extremities of the figures; of the elegance of the contours; and whether the figures appear justly balanced in whatsoever attitude they are placed. It is also held indispensably requisite, that nature should have been so studied as to have impressed on the memory beautiful and exact images of every object

object that can enter into a composition; and to have accustomed the eye to distinguish what is gracefully natural, not only in the human form, but in trees, rocks, rivers, animals, as well as those momentary incidents of light, which agreeably diversify the face of nature.

This is all very just — I feel the full strength of the observation; but, with permission, I crave leave to imagine, that unprofessional men are, in some degree, exempt from the necessity of possessing themselves of all these fundamental requisites; and that as painting is the representation of nature, so I should suppose that every spectator, whether qualified or not, may venture to draw to himself a satisfaction from seeing happy and beautiful imitations. Taste is not to be acquired solely by rule and precept, any more than genius: if it were, it would not, we may venture to say, be felt by many. It is,

indeed, to be improved and strengthened. The natural appetite or taste of the human mind, as has been well observed, is for truth; whether that truth results from the real agreement or equality of original ideas among themselves, or from any other causes. It is the very same taste which relishes a demonstration in geometry, that is pleased with the resemblance of a picture to an original. Truth, therefore, in every composition, is the criterion on which sound taste should form its decision; and though it has invariable principles, it is yet to be possessed without either abstruse or speculative study; for not a little depends on the frame of the mind, and the vivacity or sluggishness of the imagination and passions.

Painting, which seemed totally lost in Europe, was revived in Italy in the thirteenth century by Giovanni Cimabue, who was born at Florence, of a noble family,

mily, in the year 1240. His steps were rapidly followed, both in his own country and in Germany: but as I do not mean to fatigue you with more than I conceive absolutely necessary, I shall skip over the multitude that went between him and Lionardo da Vinci, who was born anno 1445, and educated at Florence. The eulogium of this man is given in few words by Rubens. "Nothing," says Rubens, "escaped Lionardo that related
 " to the expression of his subject; and,
 " by the warmth of his imagination, as
 " well as by the solidity of his judgment, he raised divine things by human, and understood how to give men
 " those different degrees that elevate them
 " to the character of heroes." Contemporary with Lionardo da Vinci was Perugino.

Pietro Perugino was born in 1446. He studied under the same master as Lio-

nardo, at Florence. His pencil was light, and he finished his pictures with care; but his manner was dry and stiff, and his outline often incorrect. His highest honour was the having Raphael a disciple. To abolish this stiff and dry manner, Michael Angelo arose. This mighty genius was a native of Tuscany, born in 1474. He excelled in sculpture, architecture, and painting. His abilities were great and daring, and his designs were consequently grand; but his colouring seems to be considered as somewhat imperfect. He continued to paint until he was advanced to his seventy-fifth year.

Albert Durer preceded Michael Angelo in birth two or three years. He was a native of Nuremberg. This painter possessed an universal genius; but he was unacquainted with the antique, and consequently his works are looked upon as possessing too much of the Gothic gusto; and

and yet Raphael honoured this master, and respected his talents.

We next come to the immortal Raffaele, commonly called Raphael. This great artist was born at Urbino in 1483: his father was a painter, though of no very extraordinary eminence. Raffaele studied under Perugino. The works of Lionardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo at Florence, were at this time universally admired. He went thither, and, improving on their style, he formed to himself a manner of his own. He had no regular initiation into an academy; but the studying of the paintings of these masters, and the accurate research he made into every model that remained of the ancients, gave him an advantage in pure composition, which no general instruction could have afforded.

It has been remarked by an eminent painter of our own, that the works of those who have stood the test of ages have a claim to that respect and veneration to which no modern can pretend. That the duration and stability of their fame is sufficient to evince, it has not been suspended upon the slender thread of fashion and caprice, but bound to the human heart by every tie of sympathetic approbation. This is unquestionable; and the most exalted instance of it is in Raffaello. Although three hundred years are past since he flourished, his compositions are yet unrivalled. Every accomplishment and qualification necessary to form an illustrious painter, were combined in Raffaello: a sublimity of thought, a fruitful and rich invention, remarkable correctness of drawing and design, and a wonderful disposition and expression; and yet the majesty and unglaring simplicity of Raffaello would not, most probably, have existed, had it not been for the
learning

learning and genius of Michael Angelo. To Michael Angelo, it is allowed, we owe Raffaello. Michael Angelo excelled in the vigour of imagination; Raffaello in the more captivating charms of taste and fancy. “ The one surpassed in energy —
 “ the other in beauty. The one created
 “ for himself — the other followed na-
 “ ture.”

Criticism has ventured to pronounce, that Raffaello's paintings want strength of colouring proper for each other; his colouring not being sufficiently supported by a powerful chiaro-scuro: but Montesquieu accounts for this by saying, “ His works
 “ strike little at first sight, because he
 “ imitates nature so well, that a specta-
 “ tor is no more surprised than when he
 “ sees the object itself, which would ex-
 “ cite no degree of surprise at all.” The genius of Raffaello shone but for a few years: he died while yet a very young

man — thirty-seven, I think, or thirty-eight,

At the same time with Raffaëlle flourished Titian: he was brought up at Venice. Titian made nature his principal study, and imitated it faithfully and happily, not only in the tints of his carnations, when he painted figures, but even in the local colours of every inanimate object which he introduced in his compositions; and as he spent near ten years in that study, he, by that means, was enabled to give an uncommon character of truth to whatever he painted. Tintoret, in speaking of his colouring some years afterwards, said, “ If Michael Angelo had
“ coloured like Titian, or Titian designed
“ like Angelo, the world would once
“ have had a perfect painter.” Titian, together with a deservedly high reputation, enjoyed the friendship and regard of the Emperor Charles V. His great forte was
in

in portraits and landscapes, which are considered by some as superior to all competition. From nature he learned his harmony of colours; and his tints seem astonishing, not only for their force, but their sweetness; and in that respect his colouring is accounted the standard of excellence. He died, aged ninety-six.

Julio Romano was the first and favourite disciple of Raffaello. He was more famous as a designer than a painter; for the liveliness of his imagination enabled him to be very expeditious in designing; but, as painting required more time, patience, attention, and labour, the vivacity of his genius rendered it too great a fatigue: however, there is somewhat of spirit and grandeur in his compositions, which readily distinguish him; and though it may not always be pleasing, it yet will always attract attention.

Corregio

Corregio appeared at the same time with Julio Romano, but not at the same place; for he is said neither to have had curiosity or sufficient resolution to visit Rome, to examine and study the antiques, or to observe the productions of modern genius: he may, therefore, be stiled a master of self-creation; and so stiled, will be found to be one of the most pleasing painters, and most esteemed artists, that have appeared since the revival of that art. His thoughts were grand and elevated; his pencil uncommonly tender and delicate: he had the power of touching the passions by the truth and elegant simplicity of his expressions; and as to his colouring, it could not so justly be called a beautiful imitation of nature, as nature itself.

Parmigiano, who lived contemporary with Corregio, is said to be next, if not equal, to him in style; a style founded upon modern grace and elegance, super-added

added to something of the simplicity of the grand. He was born in 1504, and died at an earlier age even than Raffaello. His manner was formed on the compositions of Michael Angelo and Raffaello, which he studied with the closest application.— He excelled in portrait as much as he did in history; his figures in both respects are light and graceful, and the airs of his heads uncommonly lovely. His carnations receive a remarkable lustre from the yellow and green draperies near them, which he generally used; and his boys and angels are so exquisitely designed and executed, as to appear truly angelic.

Hans Holbein was a few years senior in age to Parmigiano; he was a native of Basil. Zuechero compares his portraits to those of Raffaello and Titian; but the comparison is certainly too flattering to Holbein. His invention was undoubtedly fruitful, and often poetical; his execution
quick,

quick, and his application indefatigable. His pencil was also delicate, and his colouring full of force: but, he was not to be put upon an equality with Raffaele or Titian; his merit was great,—but their's was resplendent. In the reign of King Henry VIII. Hans Holbein visited England, at the desire of Erasmus, and was most courteously welcomed.

Tintoretto was the disciple of Titian, who is said to have been so apprehensive of being excelled by his pupil that he dismissed him from his school. He then studied the works of Michael Angelo. He was, perhaps, the most expeditious painter that ever appeared; a memorable proof is given of it. Paul Veronese, Salviati, Zuccherro, and himself, were requested to make designs for a picture of the Crucifixion.—Tintoretto finished his picture, and had it fixed in the appointed place, before the other artists had even completed their sketches.

sketches. His manner of painting is bold, with strong lights, opposed by deep shadows. His pencil is firm and free; his disposition is good, his execution easy, and his touch full of spirit: altogether, he was a great master.

Paul Veronese formed himself on the style and manner of Titian. His taste was better adapted to large than to small compositions. In most of his large works, he was either the associate, or the competitor of Tintoretto; nor was the pre-eminence of the one or the other entirely determined. His compositions are grand, his designs noble, and he executed them with truth and spirit. But, though he had a finer invention, and put more grace and dignity in the airs and characters of his figures, he yet did not imitate nature so truly as Tintoretto, or throw such force and vivacity into his colouring.

Lodovico

Lodovico Carracci comes next.——Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his elegant Discourses, has this remarkable expression relative to Carracci : —“ Stile inpainting is the same
“ as in writing, a power over materials,
“ whether words or colours, by which
“ conceptions or sentiments are conveyed ;
“ and in this Lodovico Carracci (in his
“ best works) appears to approach nearest
“ to perfection.” He studied the compositions of the most celebrated artists at Venice, Florence, Mantua, and Parma ; but the master he most endeavoured to imitate, was Corregio. He laid the foundation of that school, which has been so highly distinguished under the title of the Academy of the Carraccis. Between him and his near relation Annibal, the comparison seems to be——that he excelled in grace, grandeur, and sweetness ; and Annibal in fire and expression.

Carravagio

Carravagio followed Carracci. He was the author of the manner in which he painted; a manner that was strong, and had a powerful effect, by the bold opposition of his lights and shadows. This was so new and surprising, that most of his contemporaries studied to imitate him; among whom were Dominecini, Guido, Guercino, and others. His chief excellence was in colouring. Some of his pictures were fine, and admirably finished with great mellowness of pencil.

Guido Reni flourished at the same time. He was at first a disciple of Lodovico Carracci; but afterwards having studied the works of Raffaëlle, and other eminent masters, he formed an easy, graceful, great, and elegant manner peculiar to himself. — All the excellencies of painting are said to be united in this superior genius. The delicacy of his ideas, the disposition of his objects in general, the beautiful turn of
his

his female forms, his colouring, his graceful airs of the heads, altogether are looked upon as exquisite: but, the tender, the pathetic, the devout, in which he could manifest the sweetness, and the delicacy of his thoughts, were those in which he excelled; and which distinguished him from every other painter.

Rubens was of a distinguished family of Antwerp, and born in 1577. He first studied in his own country, but afterwards visited Italy; where he formed a stile from the paintings of the best masters. The merits of Rubens were transcendent: Reynolds gives them in few words. — “The facility,” says that able judge and great painter, “with which Rubens invented, the richness of his composition, the luxuriant harmony and brilliancy of his colouring, so dazzle the eye, that whilst his works continue before us, we cannot help thinking, that all his deficiencies are

“are fully supplied.” Rubens was employed in a ministerial capacity from the court of Spain to England, and was knighted by Charles I.

Domenicino, as I have already remarked, was a disciple of the Carraccis. The great talents of Domenicino did not unfold themselves early; he was studious, thoughtful, and circumspect, and therefore deemed dull. One of the chief excellencies of this painter, was in his landscapes, which are admired for their natural and simple elegance of scenery. As to correctness of design, expression of the passions, and variety in the airs of his heads, he is allowed to be little inferior to Raffaello.

Spagnoletto, in the order of time I have prescribed to myself, comes next. He was born in Spain, anno 1589. He formed his stile on the works of Corregio and Caravaggio: like the last of whom he painted,

with bold broad lights and shadows, and gave so surprising a degree of force to his pictures, that the works of most other artists, when placed near them, appear weak and feeble in their effect. His natural turn was to describe subjects which excite horror; such as martyrdoms, torments, and such like agonizing spectacles.

Guercino was an Italian. He too was brought up in the school of the Carraccis. His principal attention was given to colouring; his taste in design was natural and easy, and often grand, but without any extraordinary share of elevation, correctness, or elegance. The airs of his heads often want dignity, and his local colours want truth. However, there is great union and harmony in his colours, although his carnations are not very fresh; and in all his works there is a powerful and expressive imitation of life.

The Poussins were of Norman extraction. Nicolo, the eldest of the two, was famous for historical composition; his colouring, indeed, is said to be cold, feeble, and hard, and more similar to the marble of those reliques which he rapturously admired, than to the carnations of nature, or the fleshy tints of other eminent painters; but, he was pure, careful, simple, and correct, and studied the ancients more than any other artist. Gaspar was one of the most celebrated masters of landscape that ever appeared. His scenes are always beautifully chosen, as also are the sites of his buildings; to which he gives a most pleasing effect, by a mixture of simplicity and elegance. His distances recede from the eye with fine perspective; his grounds are charmingly broken, and his figures, trees, and other objects, are so judiciously placed, and proportioned to the distance, as to create a most agreeable deception.

Claude Lorraine was born in the same year with Gaspar Pouffin, 1600. This great and unrivalled painter served an apprenticeship to the profession of a pastry-cook. He was very little indebted to any master for instruction; it is said, he was with difficulty at first made to comprehend the rules of perspective. As he advanced in years, his mind expanded: to the investigation of nature, however, he gave his utmost industry; his skies are warm, and full of lustre, and every object is properly illumined. His distances are admirable, and in every part there is a delightful harmony; no tints can have more sweetness or variety, nor any colouring more delicacy. And yet, he acknowledged, that nature was not too closely to be copied; that her works were full of disproportion, and fell very short of the true standard of beauty, which alone results from a happy combination of parts caught and described from different objects. And thus

thus Reynolds, in drawing the character of Lorraine, says, " Claude was convinced
 " that taking nature as he found it, fel-
 " dom produced beauty ; and therefore
 " his pictures may be called a compo-
 " sition."

Andrea Sacchi preceded Claude a few years ; he was born at Rome. He devoted a great part of his time to the study of antiques : he designed after them industriously, and also added to his improvement, by making himself thoroughly acquainted with the works of Raffaello, and the most illustrious artists who went before him.—His ideas were grand and elevated ; and he gave to his figures a beautiful and fine expression.

Vandyck, a native of Antwerp, flourished at the same time with Andrea Sacchi. He studied under Rubens ; and afterwards formed himself upon the best compositions

of Italy. He was invited to England by Charles I. who held him in peculiar regard; by that monarch he was knighted. Vandyck excelled in history and portrait. No painter ever understood the principles and practice of chiaro-scuro better than he did; his expression was inimitable—the very soul of the person represented was visible. His draperies, which were taken from the mode of the times, are cast in a grand stile; broad and simple in the folds, easy and natural in the disposition, and in the colouring lovely. He was, altogether, and all things considered, the first portrait painter that ever lived.

Rembrandt was very few years junior to Vandyck. He was born at a village near Leyden: he formed his own manner entirely, by studying and imitating nature; which he copied in its most simple dress: but, although it was not his talent to select what was most beautiful, he yet had such

such power in representing every thing that was before his eyes, and with such truth, force, and life, as nothing but nature itself could equal. To do his pictures justice, they must not be viewed too near.

Salvator Rosa was born at Naples in 1614. In his youth, he was in most indigent circumstances; so much so, that he was constrained to provide a maintenance, by sketching designs on paper, and selling them at a very mean price. From a happy intervention of circumstances, he afterwards became a disciple of Spagnoletto. He had an enlarged and comprehensive genius; a lively, fertile, and poetic imagination.—“ He gives us,” says Reynolds, “ a peculiar cast of nature, which, though void of all grace, elegance, and simplicity, has yet that sort of dignity which belongs to savage and uncultivated nature.” He has great freedom of pencil, and infinite fire in his compositions.

Carlo Maratti studied under Andrea Sacchi. By some, this master is declared to have had no vigor of mind, or strength of genius; by others, his manner of designing has been held grand, and his composition lively and affecting. In general, his colouring has great clearness and brilliancy; but, many of his pictures appear with too great a tint of red, which takes off considerably from the general lustre.

Luca Giordano was, at his initiation, a disciple of Spagnoletto; he afterwards formed himself on the productions of Corregio, and the best of those of the Venetian school. He had a fruitful and fine imagination; and a great readiness and freedom of hand. His tone of colouring is agreeable, and his design correct. So happy was his memory, that it is said he not only retained in his mind a distinct idea of the style of every celebrated master whom he studied, but had the skill to imitate them, with

with such critical exactness, as to deceive the ablest connoisseurs.

I shall here conclude; although the works of various names will come before you, with whose situation and character you would, perhaps, wish to be acquainted; but, the limits of my design will not admit of a farther trespass. What I have already collected, will, I hope, afford you some insight into the art of painting. What I shall finish with, will shew you, that great good nature should always go hand in hand with taste, in judging of a performance: “A painter has but one
“ sentence to utter; he cannot, like the
“ poet or historian, expatiate and impress
“ the mind with great veneration for the
“ hero or saint he represents; he has no
“ other means of giving an idea of the
“ dignity of the mind, but by external
“ appearance;” and the difficulty of that may be easily conceived.

And

And now to return to Wardour. From the music-room you enter the saloon, which opens upon the grand stair-case that is yet unfinished. This room has no paintings worthy of observation, excepting one of the Lady Arundel, who defended the castle. This picture cannot but attract the kindest attention, as the countenance beams forth softness and humility.

In the library, which is a handsome room, are two paintings:

One of Etna and Vesuvius, in the rages of an eruption, by Voltaire.
And

A Duke of Saxony, who when living must have been most hideous, by Giorgione.

The corridors leading from the common hall to the apartments in the wings, are elegant and grand. Passing through
one

one of these, you come to a bed-chamber, in which are two paintings :

Of an old man, and probably his dearly beloved, by Rembrandt, which are in excellent preservation :

And of Joseph interpreting the dreams of his fellow-prisoners, by Bart. Murellio.

Lady Arundel's dressing-room, the next in order, is handsomely fitted up. The chimney-piece is of old Mosaic, brought from Italy ; and the paintings are worthy of observation. Especially,

Three snow pieces, by Foschi.

St. Cecilia, by Trevifani.

Cardinal Pole, by Holbein. And

A groom with a horse, by Rembrandt.

A closet adjoining to this room is likewise possessed of many curious articles ; particularly,

A beau-

A beautiful Mary and child, by Raffaele.

A holy family, well coloured and finely grouped.

The descent from the cross. And

A representation of the Graces, most exquisitely finished in ivory.

Between this and the next apartment is an anti-chamber, in which are the following capital performances :

Our Saviour taken from the cross, by Spagnoletto.

A holy family, by Albani.

A head, by Camanci.

A country lad playing upon a bagpipe, by Michael Angelo Carravagio.

And

A Regulus quitting Rome, the artist unknown.

From this apartment you enter the dressing-room of Lord Arundel, where you

you will find the following performances :

A head, by Mengo.

A head of St. Francis, by Albani.

A crucifixion, by Pomerani.

A Madona, by Carlo Dolce.

And many others by the most celebrated masters.

We now quitted the house, and turned our observations to the pleasure-grounds. Here we were greatly entertained. On entering the shrubbery, a little to the right of the house, we opened a fine view of the old castle of Wardour, whose sides and back were closely surrounded with groves, spreading themselves along the hill. Proceeding onward through a variety of windings, we continued down a hill, one side of which we found we had but just ascended : these windings are elegantly conceived. We then got to the bottom of a vale, most rurally picturesque, from the sides
of

of which a wood arises to the summit of the hill; and from this vale, through the bosom of the wood, advanced to what is called the Terrace. The beauties of this walk, as we were given to understand before we left the house, have met with general admiration: nor am I indeed surprised at it; for they are certainly such as afford the most pleasing imagery to minds intent upon rural gratification. The terrace concluded our excursion to Wardour.

Getting into our carriages, therefore, we continued our journey to Fonthill, a seat of Mr. Beckford's, in Wiltshire. On entering these grounds, there is nothing remarkable that strikes a traveller. A shrubbery is continued on the left, which leads into a narrow road, walled in on each side and shaded with trees, which seemingly terminates at a river. On coming to the end of this road, however, you suddenly turn to the left, which leads you to the back-

ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES. ~~by~~

back-front of the house. The appearance of this building, when you approach it, is certainly grand. The whole is of stone dug out of quarries not half a mile distant, and the plan is elegant and superb. The entrance of it is peculiarly handsome, as are all the rooms. The stile of furniture, it must be confessed, is rather gaudy; but the whole is rich, and has been fashionable in its day. Amongst a variety of paintings the following are the best:

The witch of Endor, admirably executed by Salvator Roza.

Our Saviour on the mount, by Claude Lorraine.

Two pieces of still life, by Poussin.

Socrates, in the act of swallowing poison. And

Archimedes, by Rembrandt.

A descent from the cross, by Zuccarelli.

Abraham offering up his son Isaac, by Rubens.

A Bel-

A Belshazar's feast, by the same master.

A Mary Magdalen, by Rubens, of prodigious animation.

Our Saviour in the Pharisee's house.

And

The woman taken in adultery, by Poussin.

A beautiful holy family, the master not known. And

Two landscapes, by Hולםberg.

From viewing the house, in which, besides the pictures, there is,

An original statue in marble of Marcus Aurelius,

A full-length figure of the late Mr. Beckford, by Moore ; and

Several chimney-pieces, finished in an elegant manner, by the same artist ;

we next proceeded to the shrubbery : nothing worthy of observation is to be met with, either of nature or of art, in the improvements. The shrubbery continues round the park, for nearly three miles, in the same regular zig-zag. The grounds, however, though not variegated, are pretty. The river is not inelegantly shaped ; nor does any part convey the idea of a want of care or cultivation. One remark, indeed, I forgot in its proper place, and that is, the prospect from the house in front, which is so very dreary, that, in winter it must be absolutely dreadful. Probably, with some pains, Mr. Beckford might obtain permission to plant a wood along the skirts of the hill, (the lands not being his own) which might, in some degree, screen the object I complain of. The improvement would certainly be a great one. From Font-hill, our next stage was Hindon, where we dined ; and

thence, in the evening, to Stourton, where we slept; resolved upon giving a whole morning to Mr. Hoare's celebrated grounds.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

July, 1778.

AWAKENED by the choristers of the grove, and briskly rising from our beds of sloth, (happy expressions, are they not?) we soon were ready for those beauties, which every account had given us reason to expect in the improvements of Stourton Park. The morn, however, had been ushered in with deluges of rain. The wind was high, and a dreary gloom scudded along the fields: in short, every thing promised as unfavourably as the most adverse stars could possibly denounce; but this momentary disappointment was only to enliven us the more to joy. About ten o'clock the atmosphere began to clear; Sol burst from his fetters; and the whole country, in an hour, bore

the vivid colourings of spring. At eleven o'clock, therefore, suppose us seated in our carriages, with a guide on horseback, who, having heard of our arrival, had planted himself in waiting early in the morning. Properly prepared, off then we set, opening to our view, almost immediately from the inn, a beautiful cross, transplanted from Bristol, an elegantly-winding river, with an airy bridge thrown across it; an obelisk erecting its head above the trees, and the pantheon, all charmingly disposed of to the right; while the left presented the Temple of Apollo, and an inspiring grove gently ascending to the summit of the hill. From this, passing along, we came to the venerable remains of a mouldering arch, thrown over the road, and then proceeded along the borders of an arm of the rivulet to the banks of a beautiful cascade, happily formed in the bosom of a wood. Still continuing
our

our progress along a winding road, through flowery meads, swelled in a happy taste, we next opened a prospect of woods and water, summer houses and pavilions, all most charmingly diversified and picturesque. Thence passing through a grove, and along the borders of some fair fields, we came to an extensive wood, where some cottages are interspersed, and where Alfred's tower is seen to rear its awful form on the very summit of the hill. Proceeding onward, we got into the wood, crowned with the profusest charms of luxuriant nature; while, to the left, a little monastery discovered its slender spires through the verdant foliage of the trees. Hence we descended almost imperceptibly into a vale, whose sides on either hand were covered with fern, heath, and a variety of shrubs; and thence we entered the bosom of a wood, sacred to gloom, and to religious contemplation; the road through which

the vivid colourings of spring. At eleven o'clock, therefore, suppose us seated in our carriages, with a guide on horseback, who, having heard of our arrival, had planted himself in waiting early in the morning. Properly prepared, off then we set, opening to our view, almost immediately from the inn, a beautiful cross, transplanted from Bristol, an elegantly-winding river, with an airy bridge thrown across it; an obelisk erecting its head above the trees, and the pantheon, all charmingly disposed of to the right; while the left presented the Temple of Apollo, and an inspiring grove gently ascending to the summit of the hill. From this, passing along, we came to the venerable remains of a mouldering arch, thrown over the road, and then proceeded along the borders of an arm of the rivulet to the banks of a beautiful cascade, happily formed in the bosom of a wood. Still continuing
our

our progress along a winding road, through flowery meads, swelled in a happy taste, we next opened a prospect of woods and water, summer houses and pavilions, all most charmingly diversified and picturesque. Thence passing through a grove, and along the borders of some fair fields, we came to an extensive wood, where some cottages are interspersed, and where Alfred's tower is seen to rear its awful form on the very summit of the hill. Proceeding onward, we got into the wood, crowned with the profusest charms of luxuriant nature; while, to the left, a little monastery discovered its slender spires through the verdant foliage of the trees. Hence we descended almost imperceptibly into a vale, whose sides on either hand were covered with fern, heath, and a variety of shrubs; and thence we entered the bosom of a wood, sacred to gloom, and to religious contemplation; the road through which

led us by a gentle ascent to a rustic pile, called the Convent, in which is,

A good painting, dug out of the ruins of Glastonbury Abbey: and
An ancient drawing of our Saviour.

From the convent we descended the opposite side of the hill, and then entered into an extensive wilderness, which led us to the summit of the brow, on which the tower of Alfred is placed, approaching to it on a verdant carpet, bounded by a grove of firs to the right; and open to the left by an expanse, which seems to have no termination. Alfred's Tower is of a triangular form, of modern date, and built of brick. The height, perpendicularly, is one hundred and fifty-five feet; and the number of steps to the top, two hundred and twenty-one. Nothing can be conceived more striking than the prospects from every side of this structure, round

one

the turret of which, for the benefit of the view, a gallery has been railed in. Over the portal, on the outside, is this inscription: —

“ Alfred the Great, A. D. 879, on
 “ this summit erected his standard against
 “ Danish invaders; to him we owe the
 “ origin of juries, and the creation of a
 “ naval force. Alfred, the light of a
 “ benighted age, was a Philosopher and a
 “ Christian, the father of his people, and
 “ the founder of the English monarchy
 “ and liberty.”

The martial hero also, of, in those days, a devoted country, who, according to historians, fought, in person, fifty-six battles by sea and land, and who was able, during a life of no extraordinary length, to acquire more knowledge, and even to compose more books, than many learned men,

whose time has been entirely devoted to study.

Leaving the tower, we proceeded along a meadow till we came to the head of the river Stour, which has a little building around it, called Peter's Pump, removed thither from Bristol. This river, it is said, gives the name of Stourton to the neighbouring village, as well as to a lordship of old creation. From its source it winds in a gentle stream. Still gliding on our way — for gliding it might fairly be called, we entered on a lawn, exquisitely green, and on either side bounded by a grove, which leads to an avenue on the brow of the hill; the left formed by a regular range of trees, and the right by clumps of evergreens and holly. This avenue, when we came to the end of it, afforded delightful views. In the vale, the natural windings of the river are carefully embanked, and terminated by the
Temple

Temple of Apollo; and along the opposite hills, the groves are gracefully planted and diversified. From the avenue, we again entered on the lawn, at the end of which is an obelisk, encircled by a range of elms; and thence through another avenue to the house, which, though a good one, has far from the appearance of magnificence. The lawn, however, before it, together with the prospects which it commands, are most enchantingly fine and picturesque.

In the Hall, at the entrance, is an Animated painting of Carlo Moratti, represented in the act of drawing the portrait of the Marquis Palvoglio, and esteemed the best of his works.

An Augustus and Cleopatra, by Minx.
 A Henry the Fourth of France, and
 Madame d'Etrés. He clad in armour, in the character of Mars, and she depicted in the character
 of

of Venus; done in the school of Paul Veronese.

Also several good bustos.

In the Drawing Room are,

A highly-finished landscape, by Mr. Bampfield.

A view of the middle of St. Peter's, by Paul Vanneni.

Two fine paintings, by Wotton.

And a marble representation of Bacchus, by Rysbrack.

In the Cabinet Room,

A Grecian lady, by Angelica Kauffman.

The departure from Egypt, by Carlo Moratti.

The meeting of Jacob and Esau, by Roza de Tivoli.

A holy family, copied from Raffaele.

A holy family, by Carlo Moratti.

A morn-

A morning and evening, by Lucco
telli.

A cabinet of Pope Sixtus V. heavy
and rich, but elegant.

A holy family, from the school of
Raffaello.

An antique amber cabinet.

The marriage of St. Catherine, a
most beautiful and highly-colour-
ed painting, by Barocci of Urbin.

“ The heavenly choirs

“ Their Hymenean sung,

“ Glory to God in the highest,

“ And on the earth peace, and

“ Good will towards men.”

In the State Bedchamber,

Noah sacrificing, on his descent from
the Ark, by Imprioli.

Rachael and Laban, by the same
master.

In

In the Dressing Room to that chamber,
A setting sun and a moonlight, by
Verney.

A landscape, by Dominicini.

A night piece, with a fire, by Rem-
brandt.

A landscape, by Gasper Pouffin.

The temptation of St. Anthony, by
Tennailly.

Our Saviour restoring the blind to
sight, by Sebastian Ricci.

And seventy-nine miniature pictures,
many of them of English mo-
narchs, found in the cabinet of
Pope Sixtus V.

In the Library,

A fine marble bust, by Rysbrack.

And an admired painting of Venus,
Mars, and Cupid, from Corregio.

And

And in an adjoining Bedchamber,
A small picture of Gobelin tapestry.
And some copies from Raffaëlle.

In the Palm-tree Room,
An exquisitely-finished piece of Elisha
restoring the widow's son to life,
by Rembrandt.

Penelope, by Angelica Kauffman.
David with Goliath's head, by Mola.
The triumphs of Bacchus and Ari-
adne, by Dominicini.

A view of Naples, its bay, and
mount.

Vesuvius, by Peter Antonio.
A Bacchanalian subject, by Titian.
A virgin and child, by Leonardo de
Vinci.

St. John's head in a charger, by
Carlo Dolci.

The rape of the Sabines, by Nicholas
Pouffin.

And a celebrated painting of our Saviour, the Virgin, and St. John, from Raffaele.

In the Saloon,
The judgement of Midas between Pan and Apollo, by Sebastian Bourdon.

The departure of Helen with Paris, from Guido.

Dido upon her funeral pile, a copy from Giorgino.

And Hercules and Minerva, from Paul Veronese.

And here ends the chapter; not but that many other paintings are worthy of observation. These, however, are the best in my most-likely defective opinion, and therefore here, as every where else, you are not to expect an account of any others.

Pleased

Pleased with the paintings, and satisfied altogether with the stile and furniture of the house, we entered on a verdant lawn, at the end of which is an avenue of high trees, that leads to a beautiful terrace in a circular form, whence is a good view of the Temple of Apollo. From this place we proceeded up another avenue, leading directly to the obelisk, and thence descending, we at once opened a most enchanting prospect of a pavilion immediately beneath us, a pantheon rising on the banks of a beautifully-winding river, and thick nodding groves spreading themselves behind it. Still descending, we came to the pavilion, happily erected on a mound, from either side of which an embowered walk continues to the river; along the banks of which, and at the foot of the pavilion hill, still proceeding, we at last came to a bridge, formed of one arch, in wood, and singularly light and easy of ascent. Leaving the bridge, we then entered a shrubbery,

bery, which, leading along the confines of the river, brought us to a romantic grotto, in an apartment of which, to the right, are these lines: —

“ Nymph of the grot, these sacred springs I keep,

“ And to the murmur of their waters sleep,

“ Oh! spare my slumbers, gently tread the cave,

“ And drink in silence, or in silence lave.”

POPE.

The figure of the nymph is elegant, and the water tinkling round her, with the gloom and stillness of the place, give an effect that is melancholy, but pleasing to the imagination. A river god is placed in another apartment, with a tranflucant wave pouring from his urn. Quitting this grotto, which is in the trueft ftile of rural fimply, we afcended a flight of fteps into the shrubbery, that leading us along the borders of the river, at length brought us to the Pantheon, where we found collected in one view, a choice and uncommon aflembly of beauties. In the

the front, an elegantly-formed piece of water, with a cavern of Neptune, a temple dedicated to Flora, and a deep wood stretching fancifully around it. On the left, a pavilion on the terrace; and to the right an ancient cross, in imitation of Egyptian granite; a handsome stone bridge; the Temple of Apollo; the murmuring cascade, which, in the beginning of our perambulation, we had admired; and a profusion of groves, harmoniously diversified, and adapted to different objects.

Quitting the Pantheon, we crossed the stone bridge, whence we had a retrospective view of many of the same objects, with the addition of the Pantheon. Still proceeding, however, we next got over the ruins of the old arch, which was formerly mentioned, and thence wandered to the Druid's cell or hermitage, formed by the roots and branches of old trees, and thence passing through a grove, ar-

rived at the Temple of Apollo, a small rotunda, situate on the declivity of a hill.

Leaving this little edifice, dedicated to the god of poetry and music, we next proceeded through a subterraneous passage to the Temple of the goddess Flora, and soon after put an end to an excursion of about ten miles.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

July, 1778.

HAVING thus conducted you through the enchanting beauties of Stourton Park, you must next bear me company to Longleath, a seat of Lord Weymouth. Here we have a different scene. The approach to the house through the park, with the shrubbery to the left, is grand, and the appearance of the structure itself both venerable and superb.

But the almost-constant residence of this nobleman in London has prevented Longleath from receiving that degree of improvement, which he otherwise most certainly would have bestowed upon it. The paintings are in general good, especially a head of the unfortunate Jane Shore ; this

picture is worthy of attention; for the beauty, humility, and resignation, which are divinely worked into the countenance, shew that the master strongly felt the peculiarity of that unhappy woman's situation.

In passing through the grounds of Lord Weymouth, one is struck with the capabilities they possess. Very little of art is required; nature has done her share; not indeed in the wildest, or in the grandest style, but in such a mode as must make Longleath beautiful, if it be properly attended to. Trees, indeed, in clumps are already planting; and in time, it is probable, the old canals, the most glaring vestiges of exploded taste, will be either turned into more natural forms, or be entirely filled up.

From Longleath we took our departure for Warminster in Wilts, six miles from Frome. This town stands on the Deveril,
near

near the source of the Willy-bourne, and had formerly certain privileges, which exempted it from tax or tribute. From Warminster we continued our route to a small village, called Deptford, and thence to Stonehenge.

Stonehenge, about six miles from Salisbury, is reckoned one of the wonders of this island. The learned have taken great pains about this remarkable piece of antiquity, which certainly fills the mind with astonishment. Antiquaries have been greatly divided in their opinions with regard to it: at present they seem to acquiesce in the opinion of Dr. Stukely, that it was one of the grand temples of the British druids.

“ These mighty piles of magic-planted rock,
 “ Thus rang’d in mystic order, mark the place
 “ Where, but at times of holiest festival,
 “ The druid leads his train.”

MASON.

Stonehenge is situated near the summit of a hill, and consists of the remains of two circular and two oval ranges of rough stones, having one common center. The outer circle is one hundred and eight feet in diameter, and in its perfection consisted of thirty upright stones, of which there are seventeen still standing, and seven more lying upon the ground, either whole or in pieces. The upright stones are from eighteen to twenty feet high, from six to seven feet broad, and about three feet thick; and, being placed at the distance of three feet and an half from each other, are joined at top by imposts, or stones laid across, with tenons fitted to mortises in the uprights for keeping them in their due position. Of the imposts, or cross stones, there are six still standing, each of which is seven feet long, and about three feet and an half thick. The upright stones are wrought a little with a chissel, and something tapered towards the top; but the imposts are quite plain:

plain: all the uprights are fixed in a kind of sockets, dug in a chalky soil, with small flints rammed in between the stone and the socket. The inner circle, which never had imposts, is somewhat more than eight feet from the inside of the outward one, and consisted originally of forty stones, the general proportions of which are one half the dimensions of the uprights of the outer circle every way. Of the forty original stones which composed this circle, there are about nineteen left, and of these only eleven standing. The walk between these circles is three hundred feet in circumference; and from this walk the structure has a surprising and awful appearance. At the distance of about nine feet from the inner circle is the outward oval range, which is supposed to be the principal part of the work, and by most writers is called the Cell, or Adytum. The stones that compose it are stupendous, some of them measuring thirty feet in height. This

L 4. range

range consists of five compages, being formed of two uprights, with an impost at top like the outer circle; and of these compages three are entire, but somewhat decayed. The inner oval is composed of twenty stones, each about six feet high; and near the eastern extremity of this oval is a stone of coarse blue marble, about sixteen feet long and four feet broad, which lies flat upon the ground, is somewhat impressed into it, and is supposed to have been an altar. This work is inclosed by a ditch about thirty feet broad, and upwards of one hundred feet from the outer circle. Over this trench are three entrances, the most considerable of which faces the north-east. At each entrance, on the outside of the trench, there seem to have been two huge stones, set up in manner of a gate, and parallel to those, on the inside, two other stones of a smaller size. The whole number of stones of which this structure consisted

sifted is computed to be just one hundred and forty.

It was long a dispute among the learned by what nation, and for what purposes, these enormous stones were assembled and arranged. Geoffry of Monmouth relates, that they were erected by the ancient Britons, at the command of Aurelius Ambrosius, the last British king, by the advice of the sage Merlin, in memory of four hundred and sixty Britons, murdered by Hengist the Saxon. Polydore Virgil likewise says, the Britons erected it; but, according to him, as a sepulchral monument for Ambrosius himself: and others say, it was intended for Queen Boadicea. Inigo Jones supposed it a Roman temple; and Mr. Charlton attributed it to the Danes, who were two years masters of Wiltshire. A tin tablet, on which were some unknown characters, supposed to be Punic, was dug up near it in the reign of Henry VIII.

but

but is lost; probably that might have given some information respecting its founders. Its common name, Stonehenge, is Saxon, and signifies a stone gallows, to which those stones, having transverse imports, bear some resemblance. It is also called in Welch, Choir Gour, or the Giants' Dance.

About half a mile north of Stonehenge Dr. Stukely discovered a hippodrome, or horse course, crossing a valley. It is included between two ditches, running parallel east and west; they are three hundred and fifty feet asunder: it is one hundred thousand feet long. The barrows round this monument are numerous and remarkable, being generally bell fashion; yet is there great variety in their diameters and their manner of composition. These were single sepulchres, as appeared from many that were opened. About Stonehenge, likewise, there are a vast number
of

of barrows. The heads of oxen, deer, and other beasts, have been dug up in and about the ruins, together with arches, wood, and other undoubted reliques of sacrifices. In such barrows as have been opened, skeletons or the remains of burnt bones have been found. In one of them was an urn, containing ashes, the collar-bone, and one of the jaw-bones, which were still intire: it was judged that the person there buried must have been about fourteen years of age; and from some female trinkets, and the brass head of a javelin, it was conjectured to be a girl who carried arms. The trinkets consisted of a great number of glass and amber beads, of various shapes, sizes, and colours, together with a sharp bodkin, round at one end and square at the other. Many other barrows have been opened, in which various articles have been found.

From

From Stonehenge we continued our journey to Salisbury, a city which has risen out of the ruins of Old Sarum, distant eighty-three miles from London. It is a large, clean, well-built town, situated in a valley, and watered by the Upper Avon on the west and south, and by the Bourne on the east. The streets are generally spacious, and built at right angles. The cathedral, which was erected in 1258, is, for a Gothic building, one of the most elegant and regular in the kingdom. It is in the form of a lantern, with a beautiful spire of free stone in the middle, which is four hundred feet high, being the tallest in England. The length of the church is four hundred and eighty feet, the breadth seventy-six feet, and the height of the vaulting eighty-four feet. A remarkable story is told with respect to this church, which, for its singularity, deserves to be remembered — this was the custom of choral bishops. What gave rise to this institution

instituition was the discovery of a stone monument, representing a little boy, habited in episcopal robes, a mitre on his head, and a crozier in his hand. This, which was buried under the seats near the pulpit, was taken thence, and placed in the north part of the nave, where it now lies defended by iron cross bars. Mr. Gregory, Prebendary of Winterborne Earles, after a vast deal of trouble in searching old statutes and MSS. found that the children of the choir anciently elected a chorister bishop on St. Nicholas's Day; from that to Innocents Day he was dressed in pontifical robes; his fellows were prebends; and they performed every service, except the mass, which the real bishop, dean, and prebends, usually did. They made processions, sung part of the mass; and so careful was the church that no interruption or press should incommode them, that by a statute of Sarum it was pronounced excommunication for any one

to do so. If the choral bishop, continues Gregory, died within the month, his exequies were solemnized with an answerable pomp and sadness: he was buried, as all other bishops, in his ornaments. At his feet is a monster, supposed to be a dragon, being part, perhaps, of his family arms; or, as others imagine it, refers to the words of the Psalmist: — “Thou shalt tread on the lion and on the dragon.”

Another remarkable anecdote with respect to this church, is to be met with in the State Trials. In one of the windows, in which were some fine paintings, the six-days work of the creation, in four different lights or partitions, were exquisitely represented: in several parts of it were figures of God the Father, portrayed in blue and red vests, like little old men, the head, feet, and hands naked; in one place fixing a pair of compasses on the sun and moon;

moon; in others with some blunders committed in point of chronology; as the Godhead creating the sun and moon on the third day, whereas it should be on the fourth; and the trees and herbs on the fourth day instead of on the third; the fowls on the third day instead of on the fifth; and the creation of man (from whose side the woman literally was seen to rise) on the fifth instead of on the last; and the rest of the seventh day was represented by God the Father in a deep sleep. The superstition of this piece raised the spleen of one Henry Sherfield, Recorder of the city of Sarum, who irregularly and violently broke the window in a fit of enthusiasm; for which he was summoned, and tried in the Star Chamber, 6th February, 1632; was found guilty, and fined five hundred pounds, and to make an acknowledgement of his offence before John, Lord Bishop of the diocese, and such

such persons as he should think fit to have present.

The cathedral church of Salisbury was begun early in the reign of Henry III. when the circular began to give place to the pointed arch, and the massive column to yield to the slender pillar. Mr. Bentham says, that, during the whole reign of Henry III. the fashionable pillars to our churches were of Purbec marble, very slender and round, encompassed with marble shafts a little detached, so as to make them appear of a proportionable thickness; these shafts had each of them a capital, richly adorned with foliage, which, together in a cluster, formed one elegant capital for the whole pillar. This form, though graceful to the eye, was attended with an inconvenience, perhaps not apprehended at first; for the shafts, designed chiefly for ornament, consisting of long pieces cut horizontally from the quarry, when

when placed in a perpendicular situation, were apt to split and break ; which probably occasioned this manner to be laid aside in the next century. There was also some variety in the form of the vaultings in the same reign : these they generally chose to make of chalk, for its lightness ; but the arches and principal ribs were of free stone.

The vaulting of Salisbury cathedral is highly pitched between arches and cross springers only, without any farther decorations ; but some that were built soon after are more ornamental, rising from their imposts with more springers, and spreading themselves to the middle of the vaulting, are enriched at their intersection with carved orbs, foliage, and other devices ; as in Bishop Norwood's work, in the presbytery at the east end of the cathedral of Ely.

As to the windows of that age, we find them very long, narrow, sharp-pointed, and usually decorated on the inside and outside with small marble shafts: the order and disposition of the windows varied in some measure, according to the stories of which the building consisted. The use of painting and stained glass in our churches, is thought to have begun about this time. This kind of ornament, as it diminished the light, induced the necessity of making an alteration in the windows, either by increasing the number, or enlarging their proportions; for such a gloominess, rather than overmuch light, seems more proper for such sacred edifices, and better calculated for recollecting the thoughts and fixing pious reflections: yet, without that alteration, our churches had been too dark and gloomy; as some of them now, being divested of that ornament, for the same reason, appear over light.

As

As for spires and pinnacles, with which our oldest churches are sometimes, and more modern ones are frequently, decorated, they do not appear to Mr. Bentham to be very ancient. The towers and turrets of churches, built by the Normans in the first century after their coming, were covered, as platforms, with battlements, or plain parapet walls ; some of them, indeed, built within that period, we now see finished with pinnacles or spires, which were additions since the modern style of pointed arches prevailed ; for, before, we meet with none.

Towards the latter end of the reign of Edward I. and during that of Edward II. a manifest change took place in the style of architecture. The columns retained something of their general form ; that is, an assemblage of small pillars or shafts ; but these decorations were now not detached, or separate from the body of the

M 2

columns,

columns, but made part of it; and being closely united and wrought up together, formed one intire, firm, slender, and elegant column. The fashion of adorning the west end of our churches with rows of statues in tabernacles or niches, with canopies over them, now likewise began to obtain, as may be seen at Peterborough as well as Salisbury; and, in later times, in a more improved taste, as at Litchfield and Wells.

The same style and manner of building, says Mr. Bentham, prevailed during the reign of Edward III.; and, with regard to the principal parts and members, continued in use to the reign of Henry VII. and the greater part of Henry VIII.; only, towards the latter part of that period, the windows were less pointed and more open; a better taste for statuary began to appear; and indeed a greater care seems to have been bestowed on all the ornamental parts,

to

to give them a lighter and a higher finishing; particularly the ribs of the vaulting, which had been large, and seemingly formed for strength and support, became at length divided into such an abundance of parts, issuing from their imposts as from a center, and spreading themselves over the vaulting, where they were intermixed with such delicate sculpture, as gave the whole vault the appearance of embroidery, enriched with clusters of pendant ornaments, resembling the works nature sometimes forms in caves and grottos, hanging down from their roofs.

To what height of perfection, continues this ingenious writer, modern architecture (pointed arches its chief characteristic) was carried in this kingdom, appears by that one complete specimen of it, the chapel founded by King Henry VI. in his college at Cambridge, and finished by King Henry VIII. The decorations,
M 3 harmony,

harmony, and proportions of the several parts of this magnificent fabric, its fine painted windows, and richly ornamented roof, its gloom and perspective, all concur in affecting the imagination with pleasure and delight, at the same time that they inspire awe and devotion. It is undoubtedly one of the most complete, elegant, and magnificent structures in the kingdom; and if, besides these larger works, we take into our view those specimens of exquisite workmanship we meet with in the smaller kinds of oratories, chapels, and monumental edifices, produced so late as the reign of Henry VIII. some of which are still in being, or at least so much of them as to give an idea of their former grace and beauty, one can hardly help concluding that Gothic architecture arrived at its highest point of glory in this kingdom but just before its final period.

And

And now to return. Salisbury, besides the cathedral, has many other public buildings. It is, however, situated too low. The soil is exceedingly moist; and the Avon runs through its streets in canals lined with brick, which must add to its humidity.

M 4

LETTER

L E T T E R VIII.

July, 1778.

FROM Salisbury we proceeded to visit the remains of Old Sarum. This place stands at the distance of one mile north of the city of Salisbury, and was formerly the see of a bishop, who had a castle and a cathedral here; but King Stephen, quarrelling with Bishop Roger, seized the castle, and put a garrison into it, which was the first occasion of the ruin of this ancient city; for, not long after, Bishop Poor translated the episcopal seat to the valley below it, where the city of Salisbury now stands, and founded a cathedral there. Old Sarum is now reduced to the single remnant of a wall, and yet it sends two members to parliament, who are elected by the proprietors of certain adjacent lands.

lands. This town is as ancient as the old Britons.

From Old Sarum we continued to Wilton, the celebrated seat of the Earl of Pembroke. Wilton is three miles distant from Salisbury. From whom I had derived my information, or how I came by the thought, I know not; but I honestly confess, I had formed a magnificent idea of Wilton House; but I was a little disappointed! An indifferent road brought us to the edifice, substantial in appearance, but rather calculated for conveniency than show. We had other matters, however, to attract our attention; wherefore, after the purchase of a catalogue, and the entrance of our names in the porter's book, we proceeded to the investigation of a most valuable collection of antiquities: a collection, indeed, not be equalled by any person's in England, or, perhaps, by any subject's in Europe.

In

In the court, before the grand front of the house, stands a column of white Egyptian marble, out of the Arundel collection; the shaft weighs between sixty and seventy hundred weight, of one piece; the height is thirteen feet and an half, and the diameter twenty-two inches. Julius Cæsar set it up before the Temple of Venus Genitrix. The statue of Venus standing on its top, Lord Arundel valued much, as being the only one cast from a model made at Rome, proportionable to some parts remaining of the broken antique.

In the front of the house, on each side of the entrance, are two statues of black marble, out of the ruins of the palace of Egypt, in which the viceroys of Persia lived many years after Cambyfes had conquered Egypt, and returned to Persia.

In the Porch, (built by Hans Holbein) leading into the vestibule, is,

The

The busto of Hannibal,

In the Vestibule,

The bustos of Theophrastus and Calligula.

Affinius Pollio, with an elegant turn of the neck, and strong expression of the muscles.

Julia, third wife of Augustus, of incomparable fine Greek sculpture.

And

Cælius Calvus.

Here are likewise two columns of the Pavonazzo, or Peacock marble, both of them with holes in the capitals, which served for urns,

In the Great Hall,

The statue of Didia Clara; the drapery of her cloathing fine.

The statue of Antinous, the favourite of Hadrian, a beautiful youth.

The

The busto of Cleopatra, the sister of Alexander the Great, and the wife of Antipater.

A sarcophagus, (or tomb) adorned in the front in alto-relievo.

Portia, the wife of Brutus, with an uncommon ornament, a medal of Brutus about her neck.

A small statue of Æsculapius.

The busto of Julia Mammæa, mother of Alexander Severus.

A small antique statue of Meleager, with vast expression of muscles.

A busto of Nero.

A sarcophagus, thought to be the tomb of Terence the poet.

A busto of Lucilla, the wife of Ælius, very fine sculpture.

The statue of Mercury, with his symbols, his petasies, and purse.

A copy of the Venns of Medicis, by Wilton.

A copy

A copy of the Apollo of Belvidere,
by the same hand.

Placed upon a sarcophagus, the figures
of Hercules and his friend Pæan,
greatly admired for the expression
of the muscles.

The statue of Livia, wife of Augustus.

An alto-relievo, two Cupids; one
looks angry at the other, whose
bow he has broke, which makes
the other whimper.

An alto-relievo, the ornament of a
pedestal belonging to a victor.

An alto-relievo, Saturn, a small one,
but of most beautiful work.

Alto-relievos, Britannicus, and Britannicus's Junia, both of Egyptian jasper, on a ground of the ancient green marble.

A basso-relievo, an old Greek Mosaic tessellated work. This is
very singular; and it is doubted
whether

whether there is any other relieve
in Mosaic work.

The head of Remitalces, King of
Thracia, as large as life, in por-
phyry.

An alto-relievo, the story of Clælia.

An alto-relievo, Silenus drunk.

An alto-relievo, Galatea riding on
the sea in a shell.

A very ancient consular chair, called
Sella Curulis.

At the bottom of the brown Staircase,

A coloss statue of Hercules ; a tomb
discovered by some travellers near
Athens, and presented to Cardinal
Richlieu, all of white marble,
and reckoned a great curiosity.

Standing upon the tomb, a coloss
bust of Alexander the Great.

A small tomb, supposed for children.
Saturn, with a child, smiling, in his
hands.

The

ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES.

The statue of Jupiter Ammon.

The statue of Bacchus, and a shepherd playing on the flute, admired for the action of his fingers.

Passage to the old Billiard Room,

The statue of Marcus Antonius, the orator, very much admired.

The father of Julius Cæsar, when governor of Egypt.

And a statue of Bacchus, of very fine ancient sculpture.

The old Billiard Room,

A table of petrified shells, used by the ancients in sacrifices; upon which is a bas-relief of Cecrops and his wife, in memory of instituting marriage.

The statue of Pomona, sitting.

A square urn of the Emperor Probus, and his sister Claudia.

The

The statue of Andromeda chained to the rock.

The busto of Didia Clara.

An equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, made at Athens, and highly esteemed.

A fine Greek statue of a river, represented by a beautiful Naiad recumbent.

The busto of Semiramis.

A statue of Ceres.

The statue of Adonis.

The busto of Marcus Junius Brutus, of the best sculpture.

The busto of Griphirra, daughter of Ptolemy Evergetes.

A picture in the same room.

Lady Rockingham, by Sir Peter Lely.

In the White-marble Table Room,

The statue of Isis, of Thebean stone, heavier and harder than marble, and very ancient.

The

The bustos of Hesiod and Phædra.

A white-marble table, ten feet and eight inches long, four feet and six inches wide, four inches thick ; and on it a dying gladiator, by Verepiri.

New Dining Room. Pictures.

A nativity, by Triga.

A fruit piece, by Michael-Angelo Carravaggio.

A boy gathering fruit, by Michael Angelo.

Pacci di Campi Doglio.

An old woman reading, by Rembrandt.

A landscape, by Vernet.

Two whole lengths of Francis II. and Charles IX. of France, by Fred. Zuchero.

A carpet and boar's head, by Maltese. Christ in the Virgin's arms, by Carlo Moratti.

Over the Glasses,

The busts of **Curius Dentatus** and
Otho. And

Over the Chimney-piece,

The busts of **Lord Verulam** and
Sir Isaac Newton.

Between the Windows,

Two red **Egyptian** granate tables,
four feet eleven inches long, and
three feet seven inches wide, each.

In the Chapel Room,

A small statue of **Apollo.**

The busts of **Titus Livius**, of **Seneca**, of **Socrates**, of **Plato**, **Homer**, **Aristotle**, **Anacreon**, **Martin Folkes**, Esq. and **Sir Andrew Fountaine**; the two last by **Roubiliac.**

Pictures

Pictures in this Room :

Buildings perspective, and figures,
by Sabàs and Marco Ricci.

Venus leading Cupid and the Graces
to see Vulcan and others forging
arrows heads for Cupid, by Alex-
ander Turco, Veneroffe.

A drawing of St. Andrew going to
the cross, by Guido Rheni.

Leo the Tenth, by Raffaele.

Vandyke's picture, by himself.

The bustos of Libertas, Domitian,
and of Sulpitia the poetess.

In the Hunting Room,

The bustos of Antonia, Berenice,
the mother of Alexander Severus,
Titus, Faunus, Jupiter, Sappho,
and Tullia.

The statues of Fauns, of Cupid,
when a man, breaking his bow
after he had married Psyche.

A table of antique oriental alabaster,
of one solid piece, and of great
value.

In the Cube Room,
The bustos of Massinissa, and of
Trajan, in Parian marble.
Of Metellus, and of Marcellus the
Younger.

On a table of jasper agate, which is
highly beautiful, is a statue of
Diana of Ephesus.

An alto-relievo of Pyrrhus, the son
of Achilles, in porphyry, and
greatly admired. And
A busto of Pyrrhus, King of Epi-
rus, with a noble air.

Pictures in this Room :

Mrs. Killigrew and Mrs. Morton,
celebrated beauties, by Vandyke.
Henry Earl of Pembroke, by Sir
Godfrey Kneller.

Our

Our Saviour and the woman of Samaria, by Guiseppe Chiari. And Dedalus and Icarus, in the cieling, by Guiseppe Arpino.

In this Room is likewise

A table, inlaid with specimens of one hundred and thirty-five different sorts of antique agates, and marbles.

Pictures, Bustos, and Tables, in the Great Room :

The celebrated family picture, by Vandyke.

A half length of Charles I. and of three of his children, by the same master.

A red Egyptian granate table, four feet nine inches long, and one foot ten inches wide; on it a nuptial vase, representing the whole ceremony of a Greek wedding.

A lapis lazuli table ; on it a Roman urn.

The bustos of Marcus Brutus, of the best Greek sculpture.

Of Caius Cæsar, on green antique marble.

Of Lucius Cæsar, on an agate table.

Of Julius Cæsar, in oriental alabaster.

Of Antinous, of Horace, in porphyry.

Of Marcus Aurelius, of Antoninus Pius. And

Of Cicero, on touchstone, with the cicer or vetch on his face.

The following Bustos are all of white Marble, placed on Jasper and antique Marble :

Cassandra, daughter of Priam.

Ammonius, Augustus.

Prusias, King of Bythinia,

Scipio

Scipio Asiaticus, Caracalla, and Vitellius.

In the Lobby. Pictures and Bustos.

The decollation of St. John.

Variety of fruits, by Michael Angelo.

Neptune and Amphytrite, by Lucca Giardano.

A nativity, by Taddeo and Fred. Zuchero.

Two pictures, composed of different sorts of marble, called Pietra Commessa.

Ceres, by Parmegiano. And

A Flemish school, by Gonfales.

The bustos of Marcus Modicas, the only one known with an epitaph on it.

Of Appolonius Tyanæ. And

Of Mago, the famous Carthagenian.

The Collonade Room:

A Madona, by Carlo Dolce.

N 4

St. Sebastian

St. Sebastian shot with arrows, by
Scarcelina di Ferrara.

A harvest home, by Rubens.

Christ taken from the cross, by Al-
bert Durer.

Midas's judgement, by Philipo Lauro,

A nativity, by Theodora.

A Magdalen, by Elizabetha, daugh-
ter of Sirani.

A drawing of Raffaelle.

A drawing, by Corregio.

The four seasons, by Murillo.

A seraglio, by Otto Veni.

The half length of a gentleman,
supposed to be Prince Rupert,
by Vandyke.

The busto of Drusilla.

The busto of Horace, the consular
of Commodus, and of Polemon.

On a table, the produce of Mount
Edgecumbe.

Morpheus, the god of sleep, in black
touchstone.

In

In the Corner Room,
Saint Dominico, by Corregio.
The head of Mieris, by himself.
Bacchus, with a bowl in his left
hand, by Polidore Caravaggio.
A whole length of Democritus laugh-
ing, by Spagnolette.
Narcissus seeing himself in the water,
by Pouffin.
An assumption of the Virgin, by
Rubens.
A Madona, very fine, by Carlo Mo-
ratti.
A piper, by Georgione.
Four children representing our Sa-
viour.
An angel, St. John, and a little girl,
by Rubens.
Mars and Venus, by Vander Warf.
Christ lying on straw in the manger,
by Vandyke.
The three kings' offerings, by Paul
Veronese.

The

The Virgin and Joseph teaching the child to read, by Romanelli.

A landscape, by Claude Lorraine.

A nativity, on copper, by Rubens.

A half length of Titian, by himself.

The conversion of St. Paul, by Lucca Giordano.

The bustos of Pertinax and of Solon.

In the Closet adjoining,

The soldiers dividing Christ's garments, by Annibal Carracci.

The Virgin, exceedingly fine, by Carlo Dolci.

Two boys playing with a bird, by Pouffin.

St. Jerom, by Guilio-Cambi Veronese.

A young woman holding a bundle of schalken.

Our Saviour, about two years old, by Paolo Mathei.

An

An old man selling sweetmeats, by
Fran. Halls.

On the Chimneypiece,
Two young faces, in bronze,
Abraham's steward putting the brace-
let on Rebecca's arm at the well,
by Pietro Bambini.
Eight small bustos upon gilded mark
trusses.

In the Windows of the Geometrical
Staircase are,

An antique mask, a bistrans of Janus,
which was in the Temple of Ja-
nus at Rome, and a curious fossil.

Beneath,
The urn of Horace, with some good
figures on it, in basso-relievo, and
a statue of Shakespeare, by Schee-
makers.

In the Stone Hall,

An alto-relievo of two figures, representing painting and sculpture.

An alto-relievo of a priestess carrying a sheep to sacrifice.

The statue of Apollo, of the finest Greek sculpture.

The busto of Cato Major.

The statue of Pandora.

The statue of Sabina, wife of Hadrian, fine drapery.

The front of Meleager's tomb cut off from the rest, of fine Greek marble.

Cleopatra with the asp, in a covered vase.

A very high alto-relievo of Marcus Aurelius and Faustina, as large as life.

A sarcophagus, and on it the head of Sesostris, in red Egyptian granite, found amongst the pyramids.

Besides

Besides which there is,
A fine black marble table, eleven feet
nine inches long, four feet two
inches wide, and two inches thick.

In the new Billiard Room,
A statue of Manilella Scantilia, wife
of Didius. And

In the Bugle Room,
The bustos of Lucius, Vitellus Pater,
Galba, Olympias, and Collatinus.

And here we finished.

LETTER

LETTER IX.

July, 1778.

WEARIED not a little with the survey of these curiosities, many of which are exquisitely beautiful, we at length dragged ourselves into the garden, in the hope that more rural subjects would dispel the heaviness which a close investigation of every bust and picture had unavoidably impressed us with; and there, having refreshed ourselves, we proceeded to Longford, the seat of Lord Radnor. Here we were much delighted. The park and grounds, on entrance, carry the comfortable appearance of neatness and attention. All is order; nor is the house behindhand in perfection. Never was furniture more happily disposed, or elegance and simplicity more perfectly combined. Unfortunately,

nately, however, the house is situate too low, and the ground is too flat, to admit of a variety of improvement; but, altogether, it is a charming place. In the breakfasting room are the following paintings, all well executed, as indeed are all the pictures in the house:

A Titian's head, by himself.

The painter's son, (a pentimento, discernible) by Rubens.

Peter de Jodes' family, by Vandyke.

A boys' and girls' school, by Francesco Scippio. And

Naomi urging Ruth to return, by Bartolemeo Murillio.

In the Lobby next the Gallery,

A martyrdom, by Philipo Lawri.

Groupes of boys and girls, in chiaro-scuro, by Vandyke.

A Noli me Tangere, and a Christ with the woman of Samaria, by Placido Constanzi.

A Madona,

A Madona, by Saltina Ferato.

Nathan saying unto David, "Thou
"art the man," by Rembrandt.

Two scripture pieces, by Romanelli.

A Pieta, by Sebastian Bourdon.

St. Jerom at his devotions, by Guido.

Three holy families.

Samuel anointing David, by Van-
dyke. And

Socrates with the bowl of poison,
by Spagnolette.

In the Picture Gallery,

The landing of Æneas, by Claude
de Lorain.

St. Sebastian suffering martyrdom, by
Sebastiano de Piambolo.

A Madona reading, by Carlo Maratti.

The passage of the Red Sea, by
Nicholas Poussin.

Jupiter and Europa, by Romanelli.

Ægidius, celebrated by Erasmus, by
Hans Holbein.

A Mag-

A Magdalen, by Guido Rheni.

Erasmus, by Hans Holbein.

Joseph admonished in a dream to fly
into Egypt, by Pietro de Cortona.

A setting sun, Claude le Lorain.

An Ecce homo, by Carlo Dolci. And

A beautiful chimneypiece, in marble,
by Rysbrach.

In the Velvet Withdrawing Room,
The Virgin, Child, and St. John, by
Ludovico Caracci.

In a Bedchamber,
King William III.

In a Circular Room, hung with beautiful
Tapestry,

A small sleeping Venus, in marble,
by Rysbrach. And

A beautiful chimneypiece of white
marble, by Moore.

In short, take Longford as a nobleman's
residence, and it cannot but be admired by

every person who has the good fortune to visit it, either for curiosity or amusement. Rumsey, the next place we proceeded to after we left Longford, is situated on the river Tese, which pours itself into Southampton-bay, and is seventy-eight miles from London.

Adjoining to this place is Broadland, a seat of Lord Palmerston. The entrance into Broadland grounds is immediately from the high road. The park is flat and extensive, planted at irregular and proper distances with clumps of trees, which, in a few years, will give it a much more cultivated appearance than it has at present. The house, as well as the improvements, are from designs of the ingenious Mr. Browne.

In the Parlour is

A fine figure of Venus in marble.

An elegant marble chimneypiece,
with

with three urns of beautiful white marble on it.

Endymeeon reclining, and Cupid recumbent, both marble, exquisitely finished.

In the Drawing-Room,
Morning and evening, by Claude le Lorain.

A strolling musician, and some Flemings at cards, by Lenan.

A landscape, by Pouffin.

Briseius forced from Achilles, by Mr. Hamilton at Rome.

A landscape, by Pouffin.

A landscape, by Swanaret.

The children in the wood, by Reynolds.

A landscape, by Salvator Roza.

The iron foundery at Derby, by Mr. Wright.

The prodigal's return, by Guereino.

And a landscape, by Burgain.

Highly, however, as these pictures are executed, there is an elegant simplicity in the furniture of the house, which does not afford a less degree of satisfaction to men who are not professed or doughty amateurs of painting and sculpture. All is neatness and unpretending modesty; nor are little matters less attended to, than those which may be supposed to fall more immediately under observation. Of these is the dairy, placed at the end of a shady walk on the banks of a little rivulet, whose sides are covered with the drooping willow, and whose waters, artlessly diverted, murmur as they glide to the whispering breeze. The apartments of the dairy are also rurally fitted up, and the whole ornamented with little bustos and statues of exquisite workmanship.

From Broadland we continued our route to Southampton, situated in Hampshire, between the rivers Teste and Itching, at
the

the distance of 78 miles from London. Southampton is, at present, furrounded by a wall built of hard stone, resembling those little white shells, like honeycombs, which grow on the back of oysters. The principal street is one of the broadest in England, and near three quarters of a mile long, well paved on each side, and ending in a commodious quây. Upon the whole, Southampton seems a pleasant, healthy town; and the country around it is well cultivated. It has several gentlemen's seats immediately in its neighbourhood. It is, likewise, much resorted to in summer for the benefit of sea-bathing.

Southampton stands somewhat near to the site of the Roman colony called Clausentum. The old town was destroyed by the French; or, as some say, Genoese pirates, anno 1338, being the 12th of Edward the Third, during the contest for the crown of France between that monarch

narch and Philip de Valois. Stowe, in his annals, gives the following description of the destruction of this place : “ The fourth
 “ of October, fiftie gallies, well manned
 “ and furnished, came to Southampton,
 “ about nine of the clocke, and sacked the
 “ towne, the townsmen running away for
 “ feare. By the breake of the next day,
 “ they which fled, by help of the country
 “ thereabout, came against the pyrates, and
 “ fought with them; in the which skir-
 “ mish were flaine to the number of three
 “ hundred pyrates, together with their cap-
 “ taine, a young soldiour, the King of
 “ Sicilis sonne. To this younge man, the
 “ French King had given whatsoever he
 “ got in the kingdome of England; but
 “ he being beaten downe by a certaine man
 “ of the countrey, cryed Rancon; not-
 “ withstanding the husbandman laid him
 “ on with his clubbe till he had flaine him,
 “ speaking these words: Yea (quoth he) I
 “ know well enough thou art a Francon,
 “ and

“ and therefore shalt thou dye ; for he
 “ understood not his speech, neither had
 “ he any skile to take gentlemen prisoners,
 “ and to keep them for their ranfome ;
 “ wherefore the residue of those Geno-
 “ ways, after they had set the towne a fire,
 “ and burned it up quite, fledde to their
 “ galleys ; and in their flying, certain of
 “ them were drowned ; and after this the
 “ inhabitants of the towne compassed it
 “ about with a strong and great wall.”

From Southampton we made an excursion into the New Forest, and visited the villa of Mr. Stanley. This villa much disappointed us ; the house is poor, and the furniture not of a very modern completion. The grounds, however, are good, and seemingly well adapted to (what I hope they will have) a much more elegant mansion.

William the Conqueror, as well as all the Norman and ancient Saxons, was extremely addicted to hunting : but this pleasure he indulged more at the expence of his unhappy subjects, whose interests he always disregarded, than to the loss or diminution of his own revenue. Not content with those large forests, which former Kings possessed in all parts of England, he resolved to make a new forest near Winchester, the usual place of his residence ; and for that purpose he laid waste the country in Hampshire for an extent of thirty miles, expelled the inhabitants from their houses, seized their property, even demolished churches and convents, and made the sufferers no compensation for the injury. At the same time he enacted new laws, by which he prohibited all his subjects from hunting in any of his forests, and rendered the penalties more severe than ever had been inflicted for such offences. The killing of a deer or boar, or even a hare, was punished with
the

the loss of the delinquent's eyes ; and that at a time when the killing of a man could be atoned for by paying a moderate fine or composition.

The next place we came to was the ancient city of Winchester, the capital of the Belgian Britons, and, after the decline of the Roman empire, the chief residence of the West Saxon Kings, as well as that of the English monarchs, after the dissolution of the Heptarchy. During the wars between Charles I. and his Parliament, this city suffered considerably from depredations made on the ancient monuments by the soldiers, who considered them as reliques of idolatry : but it recovered again at the Restoration, the King and his courtiers spending great part of their time there. The bishopric of Winchester is one of the richest in England, if not in Europe. The cathedral is old and large, but not beautiful ; and is famous for being the burying place

place of the West Saxon Kings, and for having the remains of William Rufus interred near the high altar. On the south side of the city, William of Wickham founded and endowed one of the noblest colleges for grammar learning that was ever established by any subject in Europe. Winchester is pleasantly situated in a vale on the banks of the river Itching; and the plains and downs, with the small rivulets in the valley, make it of estimation in the minds of those who are fond of extended prospects.

At this place, however, like other vagrants, we found the stern inconveniency of justice. The assizes were at hand, and the Judges expected; so that it was morally impossible to get an inn or a tavern in the town to accommodate us for a night. Driven by necessity, therefore, we were compelled to a prosecution of our journey with more than half-foundered horses to
Abresford,

Abresford, situated on the river Itching, and near one of the Roman highways, part of which remains. But here, as at Winchester, ill fortune attended us ; no beds were to be had ; lawyers snored in every apartment of the house ; so that we once again were obliged to content ourselves with our carriages, and, at a most uncomfortable hour of the night, to continue our route to Alton, a neat market town on the road from London to Winchester, where, as good luck would have it, we met with admittance, and tolerable accommodation.

Leaving Alton the next day at noon, we paid a visit to the Duke of Bolton's seat at Hackwood. The park at this place is extensive, and filled with groves of fine old oak, through which are many pleasant walks. The house itself is indifferent, although the back-front has some degree of elegance in its design.

From

From Hackwood we proceeded to Basingstoke, a town pleasantly situated on rich, fertile ground, and formerly in the middle of agreeable woods. Thence our journey continued to Overton, a small town, distant from Basingstoke eight miles. Adjoining to Overton, we stopped to observe a silk manufactory carrying on at that place by Mr. Stratwell. Nothing in the whole progress of our little journey afforded us the satisfaction this manufactory did. The first process was carried on by children of six and eight years of age, and consisted simply in winding from the skain upon the bobbin; the second was putting the threads together to be twisted, by other children of a somewhat more advanced age, and by women; the third in twisting four threads together by a tram-mill; and the fourth and fifth in sorting and making it ready for the weaver. The mechanical part of silk works, as you must have taken notice, is curious, and worthy observation; but the little creatures,

tures, who so innocently, and yet so advantageously, were employed for themselves and their families, they were the objects which rivetted our attention. They amounted, in all, to about one hundred and forty; independent of which, Mr. Stratwell, who originally projected this manufactory from a benevolent desire of employing so many unprotected beings, and of saving them from infamy and want, constantly maintains, in an adjoining building, another little groupe of about fifty, which he likewise protects from their infant state. Women he appoints to take care of them; and they are fed and cloathed, at his expence, until they are capable of work, when they are entered at the looms, and receive a regular stipend for their daily labour. Delighted at this unusual, but highly praise-worthy and sensible exertion of charity, we begged the permission of the people to let us see the children. We were accordingly admitted
into

into a room, where we observed a party of them gathered round their old mistress, decently dressed, and with health and cheerfulness speaking in their countenances. The sight was affecting—we could not refrain from expressing it; and we thereby gained the blessings of the venerable matron. “God bless you!” says she; “they are poor, it is true, but they are lovely little innocents. God protects them; and, sure I am, he will reward their generous benefactor with peace and happiness hereafter!” Happy man! thought thy auditors, good woman—the feelings of his own heart will afford him ample recompence in this life, and, in that to come, may blessings attend him and all his generation! Amen, intuitively whispered the little orphans. — So on we went till we arrived at Whitchurch, an ancient borough, pleasantly situated on the skirts of the forest of Chute, fifty-eight miles from London.

From

From Whitchurch, continuing our route through Andover, Luggershall, and Everley, we at length reached the Devizes, where we remained one night, that we might have the whole morning to observe the choice collection of paintings of Mr. Methuen at Corsham. To Corsham we accordingly repaired the next day; and there we were much gratified by the following performances of the best masters:

In the Parlour,

A Saint Sebastian, by Guido.

Two landscapes, by Nicholas Poussin.

Two fruit pieces, by Michael Angelo.

An old man's head, by Rubens.

A tinker at breakfast, by John-Baptisto Wenix. And

A Susanna and the elders, by Giuseppe Chiari.

In

In a Withdrawing Room,
A head, by Guido; and a slave, by
Coti.

In a Bed Room,
A most exquisitely - finished fruit
piece; the curtain and carpet by
Malteze, and the fruit by Mi-
chael Angelo.
And Henry II. on his pilgrimage,
by Chiaroferri.

In the Withdrawing Room,
The dawning of the morn, by Claude
le Lorain.
A virgin and child, by Carlo Cig-
nani.
Hernando Cortez, by Titian.
The nativity, by Pascolini.
A man's head, by Correggio.
Two flower pieces, by Verelst.
A Saint Sebastian, by Tilippe Lauri.
Our

Our Saviour taken from the cross,
by Rubens.

A head, by Carlo Vinci.

Our Saviour and Nicodemus, by
Guercino.

Our Saviour and the woman of Sa-
maria, by the same master. And
A virgin, child, and saints, on wood,
by Parmigiano.

In the Long Room,
David and Abigail, by Sir Peter-
Paul Rubens.

The Temple of Bacchus, and setting
fun, by Claude le Lorain.

The ordination of St. Denis, patron
of France, by St. Clement the
Pope, by Eustache le Sueur.

Women at work by candlelight, by
Jacomo Baffon.

Charity and her three children, by
Vandyke.

Tobias and the Angel, by Michael Angelo.

Our Saviour betrayed, by Vandyke.

Venus dressing, by Paul Veronese.

Vulcan at his forge, by the Blacksmith of Antwerp.

The marriage of St. Catherine, by Guercino.

A consultation, and a mathematician, by Spagnoletta.

A hunting piece, by Rubens and Snider.

The baptism of our Saviour, by Guido, most animated.

A dead Christ, by Annibal Caraccio.

The murder of the innocents, by Vandyke.

David with Goliath's head, by Leonello Spado.

Our Saviour at supper at the Pharisee's house, by Carlo Dolce.

A Turk's head, by Rembrandt.
And

A beau-

A beautiful chimneypiece, in marble,
by Skimmicar.

Exclusive of the pictures, there is nothing to be seen at Corsham. The house is a good one, though neither grand nor elegant; and the grounds, though they may be pleasant, are neither sufficiently extensive nor improved, to demand the observation of a traveller. Quitting Corsham, we proceeded to Bath, where we rested ourselves a few days.

LETTER X.

July, 1778.

AT Bath, having concluded our journey into Somersetshire, we next proceeded to Bristol, where we resolved upon remaining some time for the benefit of the waters. Bristol, one hundred and fifteen miles from London, is the second city in the British dominions for trade, wealth, and the number of inhabitants. Though it lies in the two counties of Somerset and Gloucester, yet, before it was made a county of itself, which was in the reign of Edward III. it was by the parliament rolls reckoned in Somersetshire. Bristol does not make any great figure in history before the Norman conquest; only we are told that one Harding, a natural son of the King of Denmark, was Governor of Brightstow, in the

the reign of Edward the Confessor ; and it was from this place that Harold failed in 1063, when he went to suppress the Welch, who made several inroads, and committed dreadful ravages on the borders. The river Avon runs through the city.

When we consider Bristol as a place of trade and riches, we are greatly surprised to find the houses so meanly built, and the streets so narrow, dirty, and ill paved. This is in some measure owing to an ill-judged parsimony ; for the houses being mostly built in the same manner as those in London before the fire, 1666, with the upper stories projecting in the streets, are patched up and repaired from time to time : but this is a very impolitic measure ; for, besides the expence attending the different repairs, and the low price of the rents, were a fire to happen in Bristol, it would be attended with as dreadful consequences, in proportion to the number of

inhabitants, as it was in London. Their method of carrying goods through the city, although in some degree suited to the inconveniencies of the place, is the most clumsy that can be imagined; for, instead of carts, which they alledge would break down the pavement over the cellars, they use sledges, or sleds, which, rubbing continually against the pavement, renders it smooth, and, in frosty weather, slippery and dangerous. Another instance of their unaccountable prejudice is, with respect to their Exchange, which the merchants will not transact their business in, although an act to build it was procured with much difficulty and expence, and although, by their meeting in the open street, they are constantly exposed to the inclemency of the weather. The whole expence of this building, erected at the public cost, and, in fact, of no benefit whatsoever, amounted to fifty thousand pounds. The public nuisance of their
glass

glafs houfes is likewise another instance of their intolerable obstinacy : the city, from the continual smoke arising from them, being constantly darkened and in dirt, while the inhabitants are almost suffocated with noxious effluvia. Bristol suffered considerably from an earthquake in 1574.

On the north of the Avon, and issuing from St. Vincent's Rock, is the celebrated spring of mineral water. The properties of this water are different from those of Bath. They are generally supposed to possess a cooling and a healing quality, to strengthen the stomach, promote an appetite, and assist digestion. They are not, however, recommended in all cases ; neither are they to be played with, any more than the more violent mineral waters that are to be met with in this kingdom. On a rising ground on the back of the wells is the beautiful village of Clifton, where there are lodgings provided for the recep-

inhabitants, as it was in London. Their method of carrying goods through the city, although in some degree suited to the inconveniencies of the place, is the most clumsy that can be imagined; for, instead of carts, which they alledge would break down the pavement over the cellars, they use sledges, or sleds, which, rubbing continually against the pavement, renders it smooth, and, in frosty weather, slippery and dangerous. Another instance of their unaccountable prejudice is, with respect to their Exchange, which the merchants will not transact their business in, although an act to build it was procured with much difficulty and expence, and although, by their meeting in the open street, they are constantly exposed to the inclemency of the weather. The whole expence of this building, erected at the public cost, and, in fact, of no benefit whatsoever, amounted to fifty thousand pounds. The public nuisance of their
glass

glafs houses is likewise another instance of their intolerable obftinacy : the city, from the continual ſmoke ariſing from them, being conſtantly darkened and in dirt, while the inhabitants are almoſt ſuffocated with noxious effluvia. Briſtol ſuffered conſiderably from an earthquake in 1574.

On the north of the Avon, and iſſuing from St. Vincent's Rock, is the celebrated ſpring of mineral water. The properties of this water are different from thoſe of Bath. They are generally ſuppoſed to poſſeſs a cooling and a healing quality, to ſtrengthen the ſtomach, promote an appetite, and aſſiſt digeſtion. They are not, however, recommended in all caſes ; neither are they to be played with, any more than the more violent mineral waters that are to be met with in this kingdom. On a riſing ground on the back of the wells is the beautiful village of Clifton, where there are lodgings provided for the recep-

tion of company, and where we took up our abode. The prospect from this hill is romantic and delightful; infomuch, that from the purity of its air and its situation, it has generally been termed the Montpellier of England. Clifton has at all times the preference of any place of residence in or about Bristol; for it not only is convenient for the wells, but is so happily situated with respect to Durdham Downs, that, without hill or trouble, valetudinarians are in a few minutes conveyed to them, and thereby enjoy an advantage equal, if not superior in effect, to that of the waters. Indeed this the physicians themselves acknowledge; for, as one of them said to me, “ It is of no
 “ consequence whether the benefit ac-
 “ cruing to invalids proceeds from the
 “ water or from the downs, they both of
 “ them are undoubtedly great restoratives;
 “ and it is more than probable, that the
 “ downs may be entitled to the merit of
 “ a moiety

“ a moiety of the cure at least.” This being the case, therefore, the downs are constantly crouded with people of every denomination. The sick drive hither for health, and the unailing for amusement.

At the extremity of Durdham Downs is a preposterous building of a gentleman called Cook, and properly denominated his folly. It seems to have been erected in the extravagance of caprice. Its form is that of a tower, and its use — I know not what. From Durdham Downs a very pleasant road leads directly to King's-Weston Downs, which command a fine prospect over the Severn, and have adjoining to them Blaze Castle, and a seat of Lord Clifford. Blaze Castle has nothing remarkable about it, save a similar, though in some respects rather a better, view than that from the downs. Lord Clifford's, however, has many advantages. The grounds are well swelled in lawn, and the trees,

trees, excepting here and there, are not inelegantly planted. The house itself is comfortable, though, like every one of Vanbrugh's, heavy. In it are the following pictures :

In the Hall,

Many of the Southwell family, and their friends, particularly Dr. Harvey, who first discovered the circulation of the blood.

In Lord Clifford's Dressing Room,

A whole length, by Sir Peter Lely. Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, by Hans Holbein.

An old man's head, and its companion, by masters unknown.

Charles II. by Sir Peter Lely. And Lewis Watson, Earl of Rockingham, by Sir Peter Lely.

del Clifford

In

In the Drawing Room,
Joseph and our Saviour, by Guido.
St. Cecilia, by Dominicini.
St. John, by Raffaele.
Susanna and the elders, by Sir Peter-
Paul Rubens,
St. Jerom, by Aug. Caracci,
St. John, by Giorgione.
A head, by Titian.
Two painters, by Baracci. And
The portrait of an old prelate, by a
hand unknown.

In the Antichamber,
A hermit, by Sir Godfrey Kneller,
And an old pilgrim, by Seman.

In the Dining Room,
Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex,
by Sir Godfrey Kneller.
And Lady Elizabeth Cromwell, by
the same master.

In

In ^{de} Lady Clifford's Dressing Room,

Two hermits, by Pollinberg.

Evening and morning, by Claude
le Lorain.

Our Saviour entombed, by Michael
Angelo. And

Our Saviour and the shepherds, by
Lucca Giordano.

Besides these, there is nothing worth
attending to at Lord ^{de} Clifford's, except
the prospect down and across the Severn
into Wales.

LETTER

L E T T E R X I.

July, 1778.

HAVING visited all such places in the neighbourhood of Clifton as were worthy of observation, we proceeded down the Avon from the Hot-wells at Bristol to King's Road, at the entrance of that river from the Severn. Nothing can be conceived more highly romantic, than some of the views from the winding of the Avon. At one moment stupendous rocks seem tottering o'er your head, at another a wild valley opens to your view. Sometimes the eye becomes charmed with a highly-cultivated country; at others delighted with shipping and the appearances of traffic and industry. On our arrival, however, at King's Road, we found ourselves too late to save the tide to Wales, and
were

were therefore under the necessity of dropping with the stream to a small neck of land in Somersetshire, where in the hospitable bosom of a cavern, and in charming spirits, we regaled ourselves till the tide of flood told us it was time to prosecute our voyage; hurrying into the boat, after our little repast, with all the expedition that a rocky shore, over which we were obliged to clamber, would admit of, we cheerily plied the oars, and in the space of about four hours reached Chepstow in South Wales.

Chepstow, one hundred and thirty-three miles from London, is situated near the mouth of the Wye, over which it has a bridge, and was formerly a place of great note. Part of the walls and castle still remain, the latter in tolerable good repair. The name is of Saxon original, and denotes it to have been a town of trade and commerce. The Old Venta Silurum, which
flourished

flourished in the time of Antoninus, is about four miles from it, and some affirm it rose out of the ruins of that ancient city. It is the port for all the towns that stand on the rivers Wye and Lug; ships of good burden come up to it, the tide flowing here in a remarkable manner, rising frequently from six fathom to six fathom and an half at the bridge. As half of it is in Gloucestershire, and the other half in Monmouthshire, it is maintained at the expence of both counties. A beautiful Roman pavement was discovered here in 1689. Chepstow, if ever it was a populous and beautiful town, has now very little the remains of either; the houses are poor and dirty, the streets narrow, and the inns so wretchedly bad, that travellers would do well to continue there no longer than merely to procure a change of horses.

In the troubles under Charles I. this town and castle were garrisoned for the King;

King; and, according to Rushworth, in October 6, 1645, Colonel Morgan, Governor of Gloucester, at the head of three hundred horse, four hundred foot, and assisted by the Monmouthshire men, with little difficulty made himself master of the town; and then sent the following summons to Colonel Fitzmorris, an Irishman, Governor of the Castle:

“ Sir,

“ I am commanded by his Excellency
“ Sir Thomas Fairfax, to demand this
“ Castle, for the use of the King and
“ Parliament, which I require of you,
“ and to lay down your arms, and accept
“ of reasonable propositions, which will
“ be granted both to you and your soldiers,
“ if you observe this summons. And farther,
“ you are to consider of what nation
“ and religion you are; for if you refuse
“ this summons, you exclude yourself
“ from mercy, and are to expect for
“ yourself

“ yourself and soldiers no better than Stin-
 “ chombe* quarter. I expect your sud-
 “ den answer, and according thereto shall
 “ rest your friend,

“ THOMAS MORGAN.”

Chepstow,
 October 6, 1645.

To which Colonel Fitzmorris sent this
 answer :

“ I have the same reason to keep this
 “ castle for my master the King, as you
 “ to demand it for General Fairfax; and
 “ until my reason be convinced, and my
 “ provisions decreased, I shall (notwith-
 “ standing my religion, and menaces of
 “ extirpation) continue in my resolution,
 “ and in my fidelity and loyalty to my
 “ King. As for Stinchombe quarter, I
 “ know not what you mean by it, nor do
 “ depend upon your intelligence for relief,

* Stinchombe was a place, where the Parliament com-
 plained that Prince Rupert had put their men to the sword.

“ which in any indigence I assure me of,
“ and in that assurance I rest your servant,

“ ROBERT FITZMORRIS,

“ What quarter you give me and my
“ soldiers, I refer to the consideration of
“ all soldiers, when I am constrained to
“ seek for any.”

The place surrendered some time afterwards, and the garrison became prisoners of war.

Two miles distant from Chepstow is Piercefield, the seat of Mr. Morris. On the entrance of this gentleman's ground, the eye is somewhat hurt by a long strait walk, which has neither clumps of trees nor avenues to confine or variegate the scene. The house too is but indifferent, and so whimsically placed, as not to admit of a determination with respect to its front until it is examined nearly. The lawn, however,

however, which reaches towards the river, is beautiful, and so carefully swelled and planted, as to afford a most delightful field for pasture. On one side of this lawn, and to the back of the house, is the shrubbery, at the entrance of which you have a fine view of the old castle of Chepstow. Here you get involved in the serpentine windings of the wood, and continue so until you come to a grotto in an artificial hill, whence you have a most romantic view of Land-caught Clift, the rivers Severn and the Wye. Still proceeding in the shrubbery, you ascend a small eminence, which opens an enchanting prospect of the town of Land-caught. The neighbourhood of this town, or rather village, as it consists but of a few cottages, is famous for producing the fine Stire cyder, and for forming a whole parish by two farms. Next you come to a spot which affords a wild and extensive view. On the one side Land-caught village, on a beautiful ascent from

the river Wye, rears its little head with the cliff of the same name, serving as a back ground to the picture. On the other, Chepstow, with its ivy-mantled towers, the lordly Severn receiving its tributary rivulets, and the distant but fertile regions of Gloucester and of Somerset. Still continuing in the shrubbery, which by the way has too much regularity and sameness to be pleasing, you come to a cave excavated in a rock, from the mouth of which the report of a gun, or any other violent concussion of the air, is heard to reverberate among the neighbouring hills and cliffs, and thereby to form a continued echo, until it gradually loses itself in the distant woods. I will not pretend to determine how far this shrubbery may answer the expectations of other visitants; for my part, I must confess, I was disappointed. If extent alone, with a number of trees, can render a place worthy of admiration, it certainly possesses those advantages, with
the

the additional ones of good prospects here and there. Nature has indisputably thrown together all these points, which, taken either separate or together, form pleasing views; and yet the whole has such a sameness, that the imagination wearied, as well as the sight, pants for a scene more variegated and enlivened. Most people are pleased with the effect of wood and water properly diversified, and they are certainly warranted by the true criterion of taste; a plain meadow, however, has to me beauties, surpassing many even of the most celebrated artificial improvements. And never did this unfashionable predilection so feelingly impress itself as on our quitting the shrubbery and entering an extensive field ready for the scythe, and wildly interspersed with trees: This meadow adjoining to the shrubbery extends itself to the high road, and from the top of it, where a turret has happily been erected, yields one of the finest prospects discernible

from Piercefield. From the meadow you enter into a small shrubbery, which leads to a spot railed in, called, from its frightful eminence, the Lover's Leap; the perpendicular height of which, and perpendicular it may justly be called, is computed three hundred feet. At the bottom is a beautiful wood, spreading itself along the sides of the adjacent hills, with the Wye washing its banks in an elegantly formed curvature.

After viewing Piercefield we returned to Chepstow. The accommodations in this town, as I have already observed, are indifferent. We were, however, obliged to take up our abode there for the night; but early the next morning, mounting our carriages, we set out for the abbey of Tintern, a most beautiful ruin, situate in the bottom of a vale, about six miles from Chepstow. Never did the eye behold a more venerable object than this abbey.—

The

The ruthless hand of Time has effectually dismantled it of all such decaying materials as originally composed a part of its beauty and its strength. Nothing remains now but walls, some of the arches, and the stone casements of the windows: but yet such is the charming simplicity of the whole, the ground, spread with a verdant turf, while festoons of ever-green tendrils, climbing through the interstices of the Gothic pillars, throw an awful solemnity round its head, that one might easily conceive the fervor of enthusiasm which frequently pervades the mind in contemplating a subject of this nature.

———“ I doe love these auncient ruynes :
 “ We never tread upon them, but we set
 “ Our foote upon some reverend history:
 “ And questionless here in this open court,
 “ (Which now lies naked to the injuries
 “ Of stormy weather) some men lye enterred,
 “ Loved the church so well, and gave so largely to’t,
 “ They thought it should have canopide their bones
 “ Till Doomesday ; but all things have their end ;
 “ Churches and cities (which have diseases like to men)
 “ Must have like death that we have.”

This abbey, dedicated to God and St. Mary of Tintern (as an inscription informed us) was founded by Walter Fitz Richard de Clare, lord of Cærwent and Monmouthshire, in the year 1131. William Earl of Pembroke and Marshall of England, who married the daughter and heir of Richard de Clare, furnamed Strongbow, gave divers lands and privileges to the abbot and monks, who were of the Cister-tian order, obliging them to pray for his and his wife's souls, and for those of his wife's ancestors. Roger Debigot, Duke of Norfolk, added to these benefactions. It has been famous for the tombs and monuments of several great personages; principally the above-named Richard de Clare Earl of Pembroke, called Strongbow, and Walter Earl of Pembroke, who in the dispute between the houses of York and Lancaster was taken prisoner in Banbury fight, and beheaded. The length of the abbey from east to west is two hundred and thirty-

one feet, and the breadth from north to south one hundred and fifty-nine feet—pillars twenty-four—windows eighty-four.

The sight of such venerable ruins as the decayed abbeys present in this country, naturally disposes us to an investigation of the periods, when superstition could have so far pervaded the minds of the people, as to draw from them the means of endowment of such expensive institutions. If we credit antiquaries, the æra of the first erection of monasteries either in England or in Wales, is far from being ascertained. Bishop Stillingfleet supposes the first English monastery to have been founded at Glastonbury, by St. Patrick about the year 425; whilst on the other hand, it has been doubted whether St. Patrick was ever at Glastonbury, any more than Joseph of Aramathea. The same obscurity envelopes the foundation of nunneries. Merlin's mother,

mother, indeed, is declared to have been a nun at Caermarthen, anno 440. But the fact seems to be, that the first nunnery was erected at Folkstone, in Kent, by King Eadbald, in 630. This as it may, both nunneries and monasteries quickly multiplied; and many of the monks and the nuns held it to be not only perfectly christian-like, but indispensably essential, that they should live together in the same houses, and be aiding and assisting to each other's ease and spiritual comforts.

The reign of Henry the Third was peculiarly favourable to the growth of pious imposition. During his time, there were founded, nine monasteries of Benedictines, twenty-seven of Augustine Canons, eight of Cisterians, three of Præmonstratensians, two small Houses of Cluniacs; of Carthusians and Gilbertines one each; three preceptories of Knights Templars, and two
of

of Hospitalers ; twelve Alien Priories, seven Colleges, and forty-seven Hospitals ; besides twenty-eight Houses of Grey Friars, two of Maturine or Trinitarian Friars ; of Crossed and Bethlemite Friars, Friars de Pica and de Areno, one each ; six Houses of Friars de Sacco, two of Brethren of St. Anthony de Vienna, and one of Brethren of St. Lazarus.

If in one reign such a dreadful catalogue can be produced, what swarms of useless drones must have accumulated in the reign of other not less superstitious monarchs. In 1410, the Commons, shocked at the enormous excess of clerical possessions, exhibited a bill against the Bishops, Abbots, and Priors, in which they set forth, that by the seizure of their estates, the King would be enabled to create and provide for fifteen Earls, fifteen hundred Knights, six thousand two hundred Esquires, and to found one hundred new hospitals. But
Harry

Harry the Fourth rejected the proposal, and commanded the Commons to silence in future.

The enormities and sensuality of the chosen of these foundations, are strikingly marked in various records which are still in being. Doctor Layton, on his visitation in 1536, says to Lord Cromwell, “ Pleasith
“ your worship to understand, that yester-
“ night we came from Glastonbury to
“ Bristow. I here send you for relicks
“ two flowers, wrapped up in black far-
“ cenet, that on Christmas even (*hora ipsa*
“ *qua natus Christus fuerat*) will spring
“ and burgen, and bear flowers. Ye shall
“ also receive a bag of relicks, wherein
“ ye shall see strange things; as God’s
“ coat, our Lady’s smock, part of God’s
“ supper in *Cæna Domini*; *pars petrae super*
“ *quam natus erat Jesus in Bethlehem*;
“ belike Bethlehem affords plenty of stone.
“ These are all of Maiden Bradley, whereof
“ is

“ is a holy father priour, who hath but
 “ six children, and but one daughter mar-
 “ ried yet of the goods of monastery, but
 “ trusting shortlie to marrie the rest : his
 “ sons be tall men, waiting upon him.
 “ He thanks God he never meddled with
 “ married women ; but all with maidens,
 “ fairest that could be gotten, and always
 “ married them right well. The Pope,
 “ considering his fragilitie, gave him his
 “ licence to keep a whore ; and he has
 “ good writing, *sub plumbo*, to discharge
 “ his conscience, and to chuse Mr. Un-
 “ derhile to be his ghostly father, and he
 “ to give him *plenam remissionem*. I send
 “ you also our Lady’s girdle of Bruton,
 “ red filke, and solemn relick, sent to
 “ women in travail ; Mary Magdalen’s
 “ girdle, which Matilda, the Empress
 “ Founder of Fairley, gave with them,
 “ as sayeth the holy Father of Fairley.
 “ I have crosses of silver and gold, Sir,
 “ which I send you not now ; because I
 “ have

“ have more to be delivered this night, by
 “ the Priour of Maiden Bradley. There
 “ is nothing notable; the brethren be kept
 “ so streight, that they cannot offend;
 “ but fain they would if they might, as
 “ they confess, and such fault is not in
 “ them.

“ R. LAYTON.

“ From St. Austin's,
 “ without Brisfol.”

But the most laughable account of these
 priests is in a short history of monastical
 orders, by Gabrielle Emilliane. Talking
 of the Cluniacs, he says, “ If we may
 “ believe their own Abbot Peter, the holy
 “ ordinances were not much observed.
 “ Our brethren (continues he) despise
 “ God, and having past all shame, eat
 “ flesh now all days of the week, except
 “ Friday, not only in secret but in pub-
 “ lic; also boasting of their sin, like those
 “ of Sodom; they run here and there,
 “ and, as kites and vultures, flie with
 “ great

“ great swiftnefs where the moft fmoak
 “ of the kitchen is, or where they fmell
 “ the beft roast and boiled. Thofe that
 “ will not do as the reft, them they
 “ mock, and treat as hypocrites and pro-
 “ fane. Bacon, cheefe, eggs, and even
 “ fifh itfelf, can no more please their nice
 “ palates ; they only relifh the flefh pots
 “ of Egypt : pieces of boiled and roasted
 “ pork, good fat veal, otters, and hares,
 “ the beft geefe and pullets, and, in a
 “ word, all forts of flefh and fowl, do
 “ now cover the tables of our holy monks.
 “ But what do I talk ? Thofe things are
 “ now grown too common ; — they are
 “ cloyed with them ; they muft have
 “ fomething more delicate : they would
 “ have got for them kids, harts, boars,
 “ and wild bears. One muft for them
 “ beat the bufhes with a great number of
 “ hunters ; and, by help of birds of prey,
 “ muft one chafe the pheafants and par-
 “ tridges, and ringdoves, for fear the
 “ fervants

“ servants of God (who are good monks)
“ should perish with hunger.”

All these, and still great extravagancies, are handed down to us of the elect, (dedicated to the purposes of religion,)—their luxury, and superstitious imposition; for “ If perchance one offended a Friere’s
“ dog, streight clameth the whole brother-
“ hood, an heresy, an heresy !” There were still considerable national advantages which resulted from the existence of monasteries. They were always the repositories, as well as the seminaries of learning. Public records, as well as private documents, were preserved in their libraries. Every abbey had a person whose province it was to instruct youth. They were hospitals for the sick and poor; comfortable places of entertainment, as there were no inns, for travellers; and above all, they werê the schools, where (rude as the times were) history, painting, architecture, and
4 other

other arts and sciences, were not only saved from destruction and devastation, but were also cultivated with great, (and we were ungenerous if we did not allow it) most valuable success.

The road from Chepstow to Tintern, or at least from the commencement of the cross road, is very narrow, rugged, and steep; but it still is pleasing from the romantic hills, covered with trees, which immediately run from the road to a considerable height on either side. In all events, a traveller of curiosity would amply be repaid for a fifty-miles tiresome journey, by views in which so much simplicity and elegance are combined.

Returning from Tintern, we struck into the high Newport road, and in the parish of Kerwent, about five miles from Chepstow, were informed of an ancient relique, which we were told was Roman. We

accordingly repaired to the garden where this curiosity was to be seen, and were there conducted to the door of a small building, in which we found neither tables, chairs, nor any thing else for even a momentary accommodation: neither could our conductress, who was an illiterate Welch girl, say to us much more in English, than to desire us to walk in. On our entrance, however, we were shewn the object of our inquiry. It was a tessellated Roman pavement in high preservation, around which the room had recently been built.

Though possibly upwards of 1600 years have elapsed from its first being laid, we yet found the colours incomparably brilliant. The borders, together with the ornamental compartments of the center and the sides, were perfect, and astonishingly clear; and an uniformity ran through the whole, (except at one end, where there were a few rows of Roman plain brick) which indicated it to have

have been either the flooring of a very long and narrow room, or of one of the same size of that which is now built round it. The general opinion is, that this beautiful piece of Mosaic was the entrance to a bath. However this might have been, it is assuredly a valuable relique, and well worthy of the care which Mr. Lewis, on whose estate it is, pays to it. One thing, indeed, is to be regretted, and that is, that Mr. Lewis did not build the room a little larger; and within it run a rail, which would have prevented idle people from breaking off little bits of the pavement, and from purloining them, as matters of curiosity. Being but of small extent, if this is continued, the whole will vanish by degrees, and in a few years the name, and nothing else remain of so fresh, though aged a remnant of antiquity.

After having amused ourselves with this tessellated carpet, not so much for its ex-

extraordinary beauty, as for its being the production of that proud people the Romans, we proceeded through a delightful and highly cultivated country to Newport, a small town, situated on the river Usk, betwixt the mouth of that river and the Caeleon, sixteen miles from Chepstow. The road from Chepstow to this place is excellent, and the prospects on either side lively and picturesque. Newport contains nothing worthy of remark, except its bridge; every plank of which is so loosely laid, that a traveller has the mighty pleasant certainty of its being more than commonly practicable to fall, at every step he takes, more than sixty or seventy feet. The inns too are indifferent. From Newport we continued our route through Monmouth, and thence into Glamorganshire, where we again halted.

Cardiff, at which place we put up, is tolerably well built, on the river Taff, and

is esteemed one of the most considerable towns in South Wales. Both the assizes and county courts are held in it; and the river is navigable for vessels of burden. This place has nothing in it worthy the attention of a traveller. The castle, it is true, carries the appearance of having been in former times a large and stately edifice. It was built by Robert Fitz-Haimon, a powerful Norman baron, about the year 1100, and has been famous for the captivity of Robert Duke of Normandy, son of William the Conqueror, by order of his brother Henry I. (and who was a prisoner for eight and twenty years) and for the death of Robert Earl of Gloucester, natural son of Henry I. who died there 1147. But the situation of the castle itself is so low, and the country around so devoid of prospect, that a worse spot for either health or pleasure, could not well have been pitched upon. By what tenure this castle is held by Lord Cardiff, we could not dis-

cover. It must, indeed, be somewhat singular, else his Lordship would not, one would suppose, lavish such considerable sums as he now does in repairs and alterations; neither are those alterations such as will rigidly bear the test of architectural criticism; for, however antiquated the habitable apartments in the structure may have been, an uniformity of parts would certainly have continued much more pleasing than modern doors and windows patched into Gothic sides. The largest room of this castle seems to have been the magazine raised in the center of the ground, on an artificial eminence: it is an exact polygon of twelve sides, of a diameter of seventy-four feet. The inn at Cardiff, called the Red House, was by much the best we met with in our tour through Wales.

From Cardiff we proceeded to Landaff, a place of great antiquity, as appears from its having been the seat of a Bishop about the

the time the Romans left the island. At present, it is but a small decayed place, without any thing worthy of notice, except the cathedral—Distant from Cardiff about two miles.

The ruins of the castellated mansion of the Bishop of Landaff are still indeed to be seen. It is conjectured to have been built about the year 1120. Mr. Wotton speaks thus of this building: “The Bishop’s
“ castle stood, before it was demolished,
“ south east of the church. It was here-
“ tofore a very stately building, if we
“ may judge by the gate-house, which is
“ still remaining. It was destroyed by
“ Owen Glendower, (or Glyndwrwy)
“ who made great devastation in this coun-
“ try when he rose in arms against Henry
“ IV. He, at the same time that he de-
“ stroyed the episcopal mansion, burned
“ and demolished the archidiaconal castle,
“ which was also a noble edifice.”

Passing through Landaff, we proceeded along the beautiful borders of the Taff to an old ruin on the side of a romantic hill, called Red Castle. The prospects from this castle, distant seven miles from Cardiff, are fine and picturesque, especially from the windows of an arched room in the center. Much of it, however, has already tumbled down, and the remainder seems to totter. The path-way to the castle is carried, in serpentine windings, through a shrubbery, charmingly wild in its present appearance, but probably in its younger days the effect of art and cultivation. Still continuing our journey along the verdant confines of the Taff, we next arrived at the celebrated bridge of Pontiprieth, commonly called New Bridge. This bridge, erected at a considerable expence, has but one arch, the span of which is one hundred and forty feet, and the height thirty-six feet. The Taff runs through it, and at times with such rapidity, that it has been twice or thrice completely

completely washed away. Small as this object may be, in comparison with other bridges, both in England and on the Continent, it still, however, has one great advantage, the extensiveness of its arch. The river too that winds on either side, transparent as a mirror, and hung with variety of trees, together with the multiplicity of hills which surround it, covered with green, and bearing marks of care and cultivation, are assemblages of such choice and variegated beauties, that we could scarcely tear ourselves from a scene so charmingly romantic.

The next place of observation, according to our plan, was Caerphilly. From Pontiprieth we accordingly set out, and after re-measuring some part of the road we had already travelled, we turned into a cross road, so rugged, steep, and difficult of ascent, that we were under the necessity of dismounting from our carriages, and of walking to the summit. Our descent, however,

however, on the other side, rewarded us for our fatigue, being delightfully pleasant the whole of the way to the village of Caerphilly. This town is situated among the hills, on the banks of the river Rimeney, where there are still the remains of a castle, which for strength and magnificence exceeds not only all others in Wales, but also in England, except that of Windsor. The hall is seventy feet in length, thirty-four broad, and seventeen high. The ascent to it is on the south side, by a large stair-case, eight feet broad, with a vaulted roof, supported by twenty arches, rising gradually, and the entrance is near the west end; opposite to which on the north is a chimney ten feet broad, with two windows on each side, built in the same manner as those in Gothic churches, only that they are continued in length from the floor to the roof of the building. Many curious figures are carved on the sides of these windows, and there are

are seven triangular pillars, placed at equal distances on the side of the walls, each of them being supported by three bustos.

Some have imagined that this was a Roman work, that it was in the country of the Silures, and called Bullæum Silurum; but nothing can be more extravagant, as the whole of the architecture is Gothic, and it was, no doubt, the principal residence of one of the Kings of South Wales, although history is silent as to the time when it was built. The situation of this stupendous edifice, the strength of the walls, and the lofty rooms, give us some notion of the customs of the inhabitants, and the sumptuous manner in which those princes lived, in what is termed their barbarous state of society. Some coins have been found here, but none of them, as hath been asserted, of singularly great antiquity, being either Saxon, or such as seem to have been struck about the time
the

the Romans left the island. The circumference of such parts of this castle as can be traced, is computed at two miles and three quarters. Many of the walls, and some of the roofs are still remaining, especially one half of a high tower, which has declined about eleven or twelve feet from its original situation, and now goes by the name of the Hanging Tower, from its extraordinary position. The stairs in this castle, as well as in most other Gothic structures, are spirally formed. The cement is infinitely stronger than any of modern composition; and the whole erected with stone, instead of brick. The old name of this castle was Sanghennith, distant from Landaff five miles.

Camden speaks of it thus: "The river
 " Rhymny, coming down from the moun-
 " tains, makes the eastern limit of this
 " county, whereby it is divided from
 " Monmouthshire; and in the British,
 " signifies

“ signifies to divide, in a moorish bor-
 “ tom, not far from this river, where it
 “ runs through places scarce passable,
 “ among the hills are seen the ruinous
 “ walls of Caerphilly castle, which has
 “ been of that vast magnitude, and soeth
 “ an admirable structure, that most affirm
 “ it to have been a Roman garrison; nor
 “ shall I deny it, though I cannot yet
 “ discover by what name they called it;
 “ however, it should seem to be re-edified,
 “ in regard it has a chapel built after the
 “ Christian manner, as I was informed
 “ by the learned and judicious Mr. J.
 “ Sandford, who took an accurate survey
 “ of it. It was once the possession of the
 “ Clares, Earls of Gloucester; but we
 “ find no mention of it in our annals,
 “ till the reign of Edward the Second;
 “ for at that time, the Spencers having,
 “ by underhand practices, set the King
 “ and Queen and the Barons at variance,
 “ we read that Hugolin Spenser was a
 “ long

“long time besieged in this castle, but
“without success.”

After viewing Caerphilly, we found it convenient to put an end to our excursion into South Wales; and accordingly returned by a different road, through Glamorganshire to Newport, where we embarked in our boat, which had come purposely round, and after a five-hours row across the Severn, at length arrived at King Road; and thence proceeding up the Avon, landed at Bristol Hot-Wells, highly satisfied with our journey.

One or two circumstances I must remark, which escaped me in their proper place. The first was, that the tessellated pavement was discovered many feet from the surface of the earth, in the planting of a fruit-tree. The second, that the people in Glamorganshire, particularly the women,

women, dress themselves in a stuff, resembling the Highland plaid : and, lastly, that the very lowest of the peasants are affable and humane.

Adieu !

LETTER

LETTER XII

August, 1778.

LITTLE did I imagine, that, at the back of pleasure, misery was coming with giant strides to o’ertake us on our journey. Alas! how transitory is human happiness! Thou knewest, my friend, the kind Eliza —: gentle creature!—Misfortune had reared her in her school; the bitterest cup of keen affliction had been administered to her from her birth;—she was indeed the child of sorrow! Wretchedness, however, could not warp the texture of her mind; in every trial she rose superior to her sex. But the time, alas! was nigh, when all these struggles could avail her nothing.—Sickness, that awful fiend, accumulated on her head each complicated ill; nature supported it a while: she, at length,
sunk;

funk; and, in the arms of her friends, winged her flight into those regions where serenity eternal will reward her for her sufferings: she died yesterday. The following extempore on her death you will read with every allowance. It was presented to ———, an amiable creature, who stays but for the last act, and then she leaves us:

Cease, lovely choristers, your playful notes,
No more in rapture warble thro' the dale;
Let plaints and sadness swell your little throats,
And dying murmurs pant along the gale.

For now, alas! the hour is come,
When joy with happiness is fled;
When Mirth, when Comfort, flies each home,
And peace reposeth with the dead.

The morn was fair, the meads were gay,
Each spring-tide flow'r its blossom rear'd,
When first Auróra came this way,
And sweetly smiling, nature cheer'd.

Each infant babe she'd fondly kiss,
On each she'd lay her kind command;
On all she'd pour the cup of bliss,
And stretch the charitable hand.

With heart like this, with soul sincere,
This fair one sicken'd in her bloom;
Her fate, ah! stop, thou bitter tear,
Remorseless, snatch'd her to the tomb.

What then avails this boast of man,
This meteor beauty of an hour,
Since all alike have fixt their span,
And none elude the tyrant's pow'r!

The scene at length is closed. This morning we interred her in the cathedral of the city. And now, my friend, adieu. I too will leave this desolated spot. Where you will hear from me next, is more than I can tell. In all events, the prosecution of my tour will be the most likely way of dissipating melancholy.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

August, 1778.

IN consequence of what I told you in my last, here I am, my friend, in company with ———, arrived at Thornbury, in Gloucestershire; a town situated on the banks of a rivulet, on the eastern side of the Severn, and distant one hundred and twenty miles from London. This place is supposed to be of great antiquity, and was formerly endowed with many privileges. That, however, now worthy of regard, is the remnant of an old castle, or rather palace, began by the great Duke of Buckingham in the reign of Henry VIII. but left unfinished, that nobleman having fallen a victim to the enmity of Cardinal Wolsey. Great part of this elegant structure is still standing, and in high preservation. It has

mostly been built with square stones, and parts of it in a more elegant and airy form than in general is to be met with even in modern buildings. The whole manifests taste and judgement; though the latter years of Henry the Eighth, and the whole of Elizabeth's reign, were remarkable rather for depravity of design. The walls and windows are wonderfully slight, though durable; the roofs are well pitched, and the rooms are of good proportion. One part of the ruin is still inhabited; and, from one wing of it, throws forth a reverberated echo, which has a surprising, and, at the same time, a very pleasing effect. In a word, this castle is entitled to observation, not only for the elegance of the building itself, but likewise for the prospect of the Severn and South Wales, which it commands in an eminent degree.

Leland speaks of it with not a little admiration. "Edward, late Duke of Buckingham,

“ kyngham, likynge the foyle aboute,
 “ and the site of the howse, pullyd downe
 “ a greate parte of the olde howse, and
 “ sette up magnificiently in good squared
 “ stone the southe syde of it, and accom-
 “ plishyd the weste parte also with a right
 “ comely gate house to the first foyle;
 “ and so it stondithe yet, with a rose forced
 “ for a tyme. This inscription on the
 “ front of the gate house: This gate was
 “ begon in the yere of oure Lorde God
 “ 1511, the 2d yere of the reigne of
 “ Kynge Henry the VIII. by me Edward,
 “ Duke of Buckyngham, Earl of Hereford,
 “ Staforde, and Northampton.”

Leaving Thornbury, we proceeded to
 Berkeley, another borough in Gloucester-
 shire, distant one hundred and thirteen
 miles from London. This in every respect
 is inferior to Thornbury; nor is the castle,
 though so much talked of, and so much
 admired for being kept in repair, in any

wife comparable. The castle was erected in the reign of Henry II. and is still, in general, perfect. It was not, indeed, in its first design, elegant or grand; but whatever it might have been then, it is now destitute (the family, perhaps, not thinking it worthy of attention) of even the commonest pretension to magnificence.—Neither are the grounds or the prospects to be spoken of; the whole being as indifferent as they well can be. How travellers can be so infatuated themselves, or how they can venture to play with the credulity of the world, in loading objects with praise, that, in fair description, are unworthy of them, is to me astonishing. Some people may be delighted with mouldering chairs and a faded tapestry; and, perhaps, in so doing, may shew the exquisite perfection of their gusto. But, in the name of common sense, what is there to be admired in an old oaken, japanned bed, daubed with gold, the work of some needy

upholsterer in 1330, or of one of a similar complection, honoured by the royal limbs of Charles I. or of that on which Sir Francis Drake composed himself in a crazy ship, or Lord Berkeley slumbered on in his cruizes in the Channel? These are venerable reliques to be sure, and ought to be preserved, together with the archives, in the museum of the family; but, truly, they are little attractive of the observation of common personages. Two things, I confess, are good in the castle; the first is,

An animated portrait of Mary, wife of James I.

And the second,

A drawing-room, furnished with the handy works of L—— B——,

“ Why, before I was of your age, I
 “ had finished, with my own fingers, a

“ complete set of chairs, and a fire screen;
“ in tent stitch; four counterpanes in
“ Marseilles quilting, and the Creed and
“ the Ten Commandments in the hair of
“ our family. It was framed and glazed,
“ and hung over the parlour chimney-
“ piece; and your poor dear grandfather
“ was prouder of it, than of e'er a pic-
“ ture in his house.”

My meaning here, you will do me the justice to believe, is far from being disrespectful to the noble owners of Berkeley. I feel myself in this instance, as every person should, who has the reverse of either complaint or spleen to vent towards them. My anger is at those fulsome itinerants, who, to swell a book, or to flatter themselves, if possible, into a little convenient fame, deal in all the hyperbole of exaggeration. Were it in the disposition of those to whom Berkeley belongs, that it should in any very eminent degree attract the admiration

miration of travellers, they most undoubtedly would dress it up accordingly. But the fact is, it seems as if they concerned themselves no farther about it, than as an old building on their estate, which, being tenable, may as well be lived in, as allowed to crumble to pieces.

Adjoining to the castle almost, is the parish church, a respectable-looking building. Unfortunately, (at least so I conceive it to have been) the parishioners found a church was somewhat uncouth without a steeple. A steeple was, therefore, agitated in a vestry, and it was solemnly resolved it should be erected. How vain are all the determinations of mortals! the church could not bear the steeple: what was then to be done? Oh! who could bear to pray without a steeple!—Well then, the steeple was at length determined to be built; but where do you think? Why, at the distance of about twenty yards

yards only from the edifice it was intended for. Whimsical as this may seem to you, the fact is indisputably true.

Berkeley is noted for having been the place where the unfortunate Edward the Second was confined, after he had been dethroned, by the machinations of his Queen. He had, indeed, been deposed by his subjects; and was the first instance of the assumption of that great authority. He was compelled formally to relinquish his crown into the hands of his son Edward III. on which occasion the Archbishop of Canterbury preached a sermon on these words,

“The voice of the People, the voice of God.”

Edward II. was at first confined in Kenilworth Castle, where he led a melancholy life, not being suffered to take the least diversion. He wrote from time to time

time to his Queen, intreating her to render his imprisonment more easy, but nothing was capable of moving that inexorable Princess, in favour of a husband, whom she herself had reduced to that wretched condition, without his deserving, at least from her hands, such barbarous usage. From Kennelworth he was removed to Berkeley castle, in his journey being made to suffer a thousand indignities, even to the crowning him with hay, and the never permitting him to sleep. His enemies hoped thus by vexation and fatigue to put an end to his days; but though they were served with a most barbarous zeal by his merciless guard, who, for that purpose, used the most cruel as well as most insolent means, yet the goodness of his constitution prevented them from succeeding.

Thomas Berkeley, lord of the castle, would, from the humanity and greatness of his nature have relieved him from the burden of his miseries,

miserics, but he was prevented; they would not even suffer him to have access to the King's person. In this dismal manner this devoted monarch languished, till the bloody order at length came for his murder. The keeper then entered his room, while he was in bed; and laying a pillow on his face to drown his cries, with a cruelty not to be paralleled, thrust a horn pipe up his body, and through it ran a red-hot iron, which burning his bowels, at last, in agonies not to be described, put an end to his existence.

From Berkeley we proceeded towards Tetbury, stopping within two miles of it to take a view of the ruins of Beverston castle. This castle is reputed old, and possibly may have been strong; a moat surrounds it. Some Roman antiquities have been dug up here, but they have not been deemed a sufficient proof of its having been a Roman station. Tetbury is situate between

tween Sodbury-Chipping and Cirencester, at the distance of ninety-nine miles from London. It is a populous town, and healthy, but, in dry summers, is deficient in the article of water. The Avon has its source in the vicinity of Tetbury. Continuing at this place all night, we next morning visited Magdalen meadow, the place whence the Avon is supposed to issue, and, to our great surprise, found that the stream was dried up, as it in general is in the summer season. How far this, therefore, can be called the source of the Avon, I will not pretend to determine: the idea seems laughable enough, that it should be so called, without there being a sufficiency of water in the channel even to wet one's finger. The spring, indeed, is always at work; but then it does not overflow its own little basin, until the rainy months of the year. But it has acquired the name under the sanction of hoary-headed authority, and that is enough.

In

In the course of our progress hitherto, we have met with the ruins of some venerable castles; and as we go on, we shall probably encounter more. It will be quite right for us, therefore, to look a little into the subject of castles, and to ascertain a few data relative to them. Castles, the ruins of which are now remaining, are supposed to be of no higher antiquity than the time of the Conqueror; for Agard, in his discourse of castles, says, “I read in
“ the historye of Normandy, wrytten in
“ Frenche, that when Sweyne, King of
“ Denmark, entered the realme against
“ Kinge Alred or Allured, to revenge the
“ night-slaughter of the Danes, done by
“ the Saxons in Englande, he subdued all
“ before him, because there were no fortes
“ or castles to withstand or stop him; and
“ the reason yielded is, because the fortes
“ of Englande, for the most part, were
“ buylte after the Normans possessed the
“ realme.” Those which the ancient
Britons,

Britons, Romans, or Saxons had, are not to be traced. They were almost either all destroyed, or crumbled to dust, before William's invasion of England.

The estates conferred by William on his military followers, led to the erection of the profusion of castles, with which this devoted land was in those ages crowded. Daniel maintains, that about the middle of King Stephen's reign, there were one thousand, one hundred and seventeen castles. And Seldon finishes this picture of multiplied tyranny, by saying, each owner of a castle was a kind of petty prince, coining his own money, and exercising sovereign jurisdiction over his people.

These nests of devils, and dens of thieves, as Mathew Paris styles them, (though, by the way, not in the least more notorious than those of the Continent) were ordered to be demolished, by an agreement between
King

Stephen and Duke Henry, afterwards Henry the Second; which agreement was made at Winchester, anno 1154. But this agreement was in general evaded: nor did the Barons and great men quit these dreary lurking places, until a change took place in the art of war, occasioned by the invention of gunpowder; which rendered their battlements and towers less secure, than when, with impunity, they were enabled to insult both their sovereign and his subjects.

In Charles the First's reign, an inquiry was made into the state of the castles; and many of them, during the civil war, served as places of defence. But, since that unhappy epoch, they have fallen to the mercy of time, weather, and ruthless delapidation. They now serve for us to look at; and with an exultation of heart, to pride ourselves in the change of manners, which guards the privileges and liberty

berty of the peasant, with the same pertinacity that it does the possessions and honours of the proudest Peer of the realm.

Leaving Tetbury, we entered upon the high road; at the third mile-stone of which from Tetbury, mounting our horses, and directing our carriage to Cirencester, we turned to the left, and, after a short progress, found ourselves in the extensive and really beautiful woods of Lord Bathurst, through which there are elegant lawns for seven or eight miles together. If, at any time, strait walks can be pleasing or agreeable, it is at the moment a man is in the midst of an unknown place, and he thereby is presented with a clue to extricate himself from the difficulties by which he is surrounded. This we found to be our case in the wood and park, of which I am speaking; for having undertaken the journey without a guide, we most probably should have been entangled, had we not followed

the directions that were thus rectangularly afforded us. There are, however, too many avenues in the wood of Cirencester, to speak according to modern taste: had there been fewer, and some of them diversified with a more liberal distribution of clumps, it would have been rendered a most charming place. As it is, indeed, it possesses a great degree of beauty; nor do I ever remember to have enjoyed a more pleasant ride, in any of the countries I have traversed. The house in which Lord Bathurst resides, is immediately adjoining to Cirencester; nor is it remarkable for any thing more, than that of having been the abode of the old lord, who was justly esteemed the favourite of the Muses.

“ The sense to value riches, with the art

“ T’ enjoy them, and the virtue to impart,

“ Not meanly, nor ambitiously pursu’d,

“ Not sunk by sloth, nor rais’d by servitude;

“ To balance fortune by a just expence;

“ Join with economy, magnificence;

“ With

" With splendor, charity ; with plenty, health.
 " Oh ! teach us, Bathurst ! yet unspoil'd by wealth,
 " That secret rare, between th' extremes to move
 " Of mad good-nature, and of mean self-love."

POPE.

Cirencester, or what is commonly called Cicester, is an ancient and well-inhabited town. When the Romans were in this island, they settled a colony at this place, and fortified the town with strong lofty walls and a castle, the remains of which are still to be seen ; and many antiquities, such as medals, chequered pavements, and implements of war, have been dug up at different times. On searching after some of these, we found that all of them, excepting a small piece of Mosaic, had fallen into decay, or had been entirely lost, from the ignorance of the people. We visited, however, the Mosaic work ; where, instead of any thing in perfection, we found a fragment of it most unaccountably doomed as a threshold to a door leading from the hall of an indifferent house to the kitchen.

T 2

The

The injury which it must have received in such a situation, is evident; but that which on inquiry we found to be still worse, was the obstinate boorishness of the proprietor of the spot where it was discovered, who, divested of every principle of taste or consideration, most unpardonably, in a fit of contradiction, demolished a whole pavement of it, together with the remains of an elegant Roman bath, although earnestly entreated to keep them in preservation.

Cirencester, when the Romans left England, was garrisoned by Britons, and defended on several occasions, and for many years, against the Saxons. It at length submitted. In 879 it was taken by the Danes. The Saxons, you will remember, were regarded in those days, as one of the most warlike of the fierce Germanic nations, and that they had become the terror of their neighbours. They first landed in
force

force in the isle of Thanet, anno 450; but it was not until nearly the expiration of the sixth century that they established their heptarchy, when the whole southern part of the island, except Wales and Cornwall, entirely changed its inhabitants, language, customs, and political institutions.

The kingdoms of the heptarchy lasted till 827, when they all fell into one stream, and united themselves under Egbert. The Danes about this time, the most dreadful scourges of both Britain and France, instigated by the Anglo-Saxons, who smarted under Charlemagne's cruel policy, committed barbarous devastation on the British coasts. Their first appearance in this island was in the year 787; and they continued incessantly to distress and lay it waste, until Alfred the Great, towards the close of the ninth century, for the time, subdued, settled, or expelled them from his dominions. Some years afterwards

they visited England again; gave Kings to the empire, and even radically fixed themselves in the person of William the Conqueror, that prince being a side-wind descendant of a Norman family.—The designation of Normans arising from the northern situation of the Danes, with whom the Anglo-Saxons mixed, and who afterwards, by force of arms, established themselves in that part of France called Normandy, under Rollo their chief.

From Cirencester we took our departure for Fairford, stopping in our way to take a view of the old Fosse, or Roman highway, which, at an immensity of trouble, was continued from Cirencester to Broad-Campden, on the borders of Oxfordshire. Fairford is situated on the river Coln, 81 miles from London, and is noted chiefly for its church, which is possessed of a remarkable fine collection of painted glass. The figures and countenances of some of

these paintings are admirably executed, and the drapery in general is flowing and well softened. The perspective, likewise, is tolerably good, especially in the representation of an old castle in one of the backgrounds. Hell, with its appendages, is, however, the best performance. The devil really cuts an awful figure; large eyes, gaping mouth, and all the other infernal marks by which he is represented; while the animated characters around him shew the plenitude of his power, and the different species of punishment with which our mortal imperfections are punishable. In one quarter, shrews hurdled away in wheelbarrows; in another, a party driven away in a cart. Here a harlequin monkey, branched about the head, just emblem of a *petit maitre*; and there, a Dives gnawing his own existence, and panting after wealth. The whole group, in short, exquisitely ludicrous, and the colouring glowing and full of richness.

Quitting this, to the *amour-propre* not very flattering company, we proceeded to a seat adjoining to the town, belonging to a widow lady of the name of Lamb. Modern compilers have loaded this place with praise for its improvements; but we found none of them. The æra of ill taste is discernible throughout. On the one side, a row of methodistical yews, starched and prim as the enlightened Whitfieldites; and on the other, a sluggish stream, tortured into the resemblance of an inverted J. Much, indeed, might be done at this place; Nature has not been deficient; and in reality she wants but the assistance of a little art to make her appear in all the pride of beauty and perfection.

From Fairford we again returned to Cirencester, and thence proceeded towards Gloucester. Nothing remarkable occurred to us in the route, excepting a prospect which most delightfully opened itself on
Hampden

Hampden Common, about the 101 mile stone from London. Nothing could surpass the view we here enjoyed either in richness or fine imagery. On the right, a deep vale highly diversified and picturesque; and on the left, a valley of a more considerable extent, with a grand romantic winding of the Severn, and a range of lofty mountains serving as a back ground. The village of Stroud too, which presents itself happily situated, while a river of the same name runs along its skirts, and for the extent of upwards of twenty miles, affords health, ease, and chearfulness; with the most ample conveniencies to the manufacturers settled along its banks.

The distance from Stroud to Gloucester is about eight miles, hilly most of the way. Not having arrived at Gloucester till late at night, and the next day being Sunday, when it was impossible to see any of the curiosities, we resolved on setting out for
Cheltenham,

Cheltenham, distant about ten miles, and famous for its scorbutic mineral waters. The road to this inconsiderable town is as bad on the side of Gloucester as it is possible to conceive. Rugged for the first seven or eight miles, and a complete heap of sand for the remainder, insomuch that it inevitably must be the bed of a river in the rainy season. Cheltenham is situate on a flat, marshy soil, and surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills. The springs have the reputation of being salubrious, and the air of being healthful. Altogether, however, it is but a poor place. No rides, no amusements, nor any walks, excepting about the Spa, where there are one or two strait malls, terminated through a vista of elms by the steeple of the church. It is, indeed, of great antiquity, as appears from Doomsday Book, where it is mentioned as one of the royal manors. But age, though respectable, is not always captivating.— Here, having met with some of our friends,

we passed the day, and in the evening returned to Gloucester.

Gloucester is a large and populous city, situated on the banks of the Severn, and distant from London about one hundred and two miles. It was formerly remarkable for being dirty; it is now quite the contrary. The streets are new-paved, and the signs, which hung over passengers' heads, are entirely taken down or placed against the houses, in like manner with those of London. This kind of improvement is commendable in the inhabitants: it shews a care likewise in the magistrates, which it is to be lamented is not more generally prevalent: and here I cannot help drawing to your remembrance the complaints that were made, when this sort of improvement was taking place in London. The Cat and Fiddle, the Goose and Grid-iron, Red Lion, and Indian Queens, were regarded as the greatest efforts of inventive genius.

A TOUR THROUGH

genius: even Cheapside was often compared to the Medicean gallery, for its choice collection of paintings.

The cathedral of Gloucester, although greatly spoken of, is but an inelegant, heavy pile of building. The outside is handsomely ornamented, but the inside is clumsy. The roof, which is generally handsome in Gothic structures, is here indifferent, and the supporters of it are so far from being elegant or light, that the pillars measure at least, one with another, eight feet in diameter.

But, let us here stop a moment, and pay our respects to the celebrated veteran in the fields of literature, the Bishop of this see. On the subject of our inquiry, he will yield us much assistance. We have wanted his guiding hand; and fortunately here we shall find, that on monastic and other species of architecture, he will open

open to us a source of information and entertainment. But, bear in remembrance, that Warburton was not a Right Reverend when he wrote in this manner; much less had he the cathedral of Gloucester in his eye, when he vaunted of Gothic super-excellence. “Our Gothic ancestors,” says this laborious researcher, “had juster and
 “manlier notions of magnificence, on
 “Greek and Roman ideas, than these
 “mimics of taste, who profess to study
 “only classic elegance: and because the
 “thing does honour to the genius of those
 “barbarians, I shall endeavour to explain
 “it. All our ancient churches are called,
 “without distinction, Gothic; but erroneously. They are of two sorts; the
 “one built in the Saxon times, the other
 “in the Norman. Several cathedral and
 “collegiate churches of the first sort are
 “yet remaining, either in whole or in
 “part; of which this was the original:
 “When the Saxon Kings became Chris-
 “tians,

" tians, their piety (which was the piety
 " of the times) consisted in building
 " churches at home, and performing pil-
 " grimages abroad, especially to the Holy
 " Land; and these spiritual exercises af-
 " fisted and supported one another. For
 " the most venerable, as well as most ele-
 " gant models of religious edifices, were
 " then in Palestine.

" From these, our Saxon builders took
 " the whole of their ideas; as may be seen
 " by comparing the drawings which tra-
 " vellers have given us of the churches yet
 " standing in that country, with the Saxon
 " remains of what we find at home; and
 " particularly in that sameness of style in
 " the later religious edifices of the Knights
 " Templars, (professedly built upon the
 " model of the church of the Holy Se-
 " pulchre at Jerusalem) with the earlier
 " remains of our Saxon edifices.

" Now,

“ Now, the architecture of the Holy
 “ Land was Grecian, but greatly fallen
 “ from its ancient elegance. Our Saxon
 “ performance was, indeed, a bad copy of
 “ it; and as much inferior to the works
 “ of St. Helene and Justinian, as theirs
 “ were to the Grecian models they had
 “ followed: yet still the footsteps of an-
 “ cient art appeared in the circular arches,
 “ the entire columns, the division of the
 “ entablature into a sort of architrave, frieze
 “ and cornice, and a solidity equally dif-
 “ fused over the whole mass. This, by
 “ way of distinction, I would call the
 “ Saxon architecture,

“ But our Norman works had a very
 “ different original. When the Goths
 “ had conquered Spain, and the genial
 “ warmth of the climate, and the religion
 “ of the old inhabitants, had ripened their
 “ wits, and inflamed their mistaken piety,
 “ (both kept in exercise by the neighbour-
 “ hood of the Saracens, through emulation
 “ of

“ of their science, and aversion to their
 “ superstition) they struck out a new spe-
 “ cies of architecture, unknown to Greece
 “ and Rome, upon original principles,
 “ and ideas much nobler than what had
 “ given birth even to classical magnificence.
 “ For this Northern people having been
 “ accustomed, during the gloom of Paga-
 “ nism, to worship the Deity in groves,
 “ (a practice common to all nations) when
 “ their new religion required covered edi-
 “ fices, they ingeniously projected to make
 “ them resemble groves, as nearly as the
 “ distance of architecture would permit;
 “ at once indulging their old prejudices,
 “ and providing for their present conve-
 “ niencies, by a cool receptacle in a sultry
 “ climate: and with what skill and suc-
 “ cess they executed the project, by the
 “ assistance of Saracen architects, whose
 “ exotic style of building very luckily
 “ suited their purpose, appears from hence,
 “ that no attentive observer ever viewed
 “ an

“ an avenue of well-grown trees, inter-
 “ mixing their branches over head, but it
 “ presently put him in mind of the long
 “ vista through a Gothic cathedral; or
 “ ever entered one of the large and more
 “ elegant edifices of this kind, but it re-
 “ presented to his imagination an avenue
 “ of trees: and this alone is what can
 “ be truly called the Gothic style of build-
 “ ing.

“ Under this idea of so extraordinary a
 “ species of architecture, all the irregular
 “ transgressions against art, all the mon-
 “ strous offences against nature, disappear;
 “ every thing has its reason, every thing
 “ is in order, and an harmonious whole
 “ arises from the studious application of
 “ means, proper and proportioned to the
 “ end. For could the arches be otherwise
 “ than pointed, when the workmen were
 “ to imitate that curve which branches of
 “ two opposite trees make by their inter-

“ section with one another; or could the
“ columns be otherwise than split into
“ distinct shafts, when they were to repre-
“ sent the stems of a clump of trees, grow-
“ ing close together? On the same prin-
“ ciples, they formed the spreading rami-
“ fication of the stone work in the win-
“ dows, and the stained glass in the inter-
“ stices; the one to represent the branches,
“ and the other the leaves of an opening
“ grove; and both concurred to preserve
“ that gloomy light which inspires reli-
“ gious reverence and dread. Lastly, we
“ see the reason of their studied aversion
“ to apparent solidity in their stupendous
“ masses, deemed so absurd by men ac-
“ customed to the apparent as well as real
“ strength of Grecian architecture.

“ Had it been only a wanton exercise of
“ the artist's skill, to shew he could give
“ real strength without the appearance of
“ any, we might indeed admire his supe-
“ rior

“rior science; but, we must needs con-
 “demn his ill judgment. But when one
 “considers, that this surprising lightness
 “was necessary to complete the execution
 “of his idea of a Sylvan place of worship,
 “one cannot sufficiently admire the inge-
 “nuity of the contrivance. This too,
 “will account for the contrary qualities
 “in what I call the Saxon architecture.
 “These artists copied, as has been said,
 “from the churches in the Holy Land,
 “which were on the models of the Gre-
 “cian architecture, but corrupted by pre-
 “vailing barbarism; and still farther de-
 “praved by a religious idea. The first
 “places of Christian worship were sepul-
 “chres and subterraneous caverns, low
 “and heavy from necessity. When Chris-
 “tianity became the religion of the State,
 “and sumptuous temples began to be
 “erected, they yet, in regard to the first
 “pious ages, preserved the massive style;
 “made still more venerable by the church

“ of the Holy Sepulchre ; where this style
“ was, on a double account, followed and
“ aggravated.” And now, with due reverence to the Bishop’s disquisition, we shall return to our subject.

In the time of the Romans, Gloucester was a Roman station, and governed by a pro-consul. And Camden says, that the famous Roman way, called Ermin-street, which begins at St. David’s, in Pembroke-shire, and reaches to Southampton, passes through this city. Formerly it had many manufactories ; but Bristol hath since supplanted it ; and there is now nothing remaining worthy of observation, except that of pins. In this small branch it is astonishing the number of people who are employed : for, independent of the digging the ore out of the earth, the smelting it, and afterwards the forming it into wire, in which state it comes to the pin-makers, there

there are at least fourteen or fifteen different processes.

Tewksbury, the next town we visited, is situated at the conflux of the rivers Severn and Avon, and is distant from London one hundred and two miles. It is a large, clean, and well-inhabited town, and has a church, erected in the year 715, which is in high preservation, and is the largest in England that is not cathedral or collegiate. The pavement of it, however, like that of many other churches that we have met with, is indifferent. Strange! that people, who pride themselves upon the beauty of their places of worship, should be so very inattentive as to neglect that which, as a first object, must necessarily strike the eye of every beholder. The only manufactory now carried on at Tewksbury is stocking-weaving.

Here a battle was fought anno 1471, in the reign of Edward IV. between Margaret and her son's forces, against that sovereign; it was the twelfth which had happened, since the beginning of the quarrel between the two Roses. Margaret lost three thousand men on that day, and was herself taken prisoner. The Prince of Wales was likewise made captive; and being brought into Edward's presence, as historians have it, appeared before him with an undaunted countenance, and without debasing himself by submissions unbecoming his birth. The King was astonished; and still more, when asking him how he came to be so rash, as thus to enter his kingdom in arms, the Prince replied, "He had come to recover
" his own inheritance, which had been
" unjustly usurped." But Edward was unmoved by those sentiments of generosity, which are congenial to magnanimous souls. On the contrary, full of indignation, he struck him on the mouth with his gauntlet, and

and turned from him. This was, as it were, the signal. The Dukes of Gloucester and Clarence, it is said, with the Earl of Dorset, and the Lord Hastings, fell with merciless hands upon the royal youth, and stabbed him to the heart.

With him and his mother the House of Lancaster failed, excepting a single branch in the person of the Earl of Richmond. The elevation of this nobleman afterwards, on the destruction of his competitor of York, conciliated all discordant pretensions, and stopped the farther effusion of blood. The Field of Bosworth groaned with the wounds of civil strife. It was there Richard fell.

"The sun will not be seen to-day,

"The sky doth frown and low'r upon our army:

"I would these dewy tears were from the ground.

"Not shine to-day!—Why, what is that to me

"More than to Richmond?—For the self same Heav'n

"That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him."

SHAKESPEARE.

From Tewksbury, proceeding on our journey, we arrived at a seat of Lord Coventry in Worcestershire, called Crome Court. The entrance of this place bespeaks nothing extraordinary. It has powers, however, which might be rendered as much the contrary as modern fancy would require. On getting to the park-gate, the first object you are struck with is a part of a sheet of water, which at a great expence has been carried on for the distance of a mile and a half, but apparently with too much regularity. The rule and compass should never be discernible where that element is concerned. It afterwards, indeed, winds and spreads itself with elegance along the park, and in some views is charming. The house, which, though heavy, has the look of a modern building, is large, but situated too low. The rooms are handsome and convenient; especially a drawing-room, hung and furnished with Gobelin tapestry, the finest perhaps

perhaps in England. Except which, and a most expressive picture

Of a Mr. Coventry, the master unknown,

there is nothing worthy of remark in the house. The grounds are elegant, and kept in the nicest order. On leaving the house, you turn through a shrubbery, filled with a choice assemblage of plants to a small building on an eminence, called the Rotunda, whence you have a prospect of hill, wood, and dale, and of every beauty that can give richness to a scene. Nature has, in this view, poured a profusion of her bounties. You still continue through the shrubbery, which affords a pleasant variety, until you arrive at a neat modern-built church, in the Gothic stile. Here the scenery diversifies, and opens a somewhat more extensive prospect. A church, however, was not the building which should have been erected here: this was the place for the house. No situation could have

have afforded more conveniency, nor could the eye have wished for a more commanding view. The expence was perhaps too great. His lordship found the mansion where it now stands, and therefore contented himself with altering a few of the rooms, and in general, with giving it a fashionable exterior. Leaving the church, you enter a shrubbery, which is much inferior to the preceding; but at the end is adorned with green-houses, amply stocked with a variety of exotics. From the green-houses, where a botanist would find field sufficient for amusement, you pass through a nursery of young trees of all denominations, and come at length to a machine, which, by the labour of one horse, supplies the canal with water in the summer season. Quitting this, you descend on one side of the church into another shrubbery, in the same degree of order, but superior in beauty to that which commences at the house; and about the center of it come to another green-house, considerably

considerably larger than the former, and serving the purpose of a lively apartment, upon the removal of the plants into the open air. Thence proceeding, you pass under the high road, and enter upon a highly delightful and picturesque walk along the borders of the river. Here, indeed, Mr. Brown has exerted his taste and judgement with the greatest success; for, instead of a marshy disagreeable piece of ground, as he found it, he has now worked it into a beautiful sheet of water, with several little islands irregularly interspersed. To one of these islands, where a small pavillion is erecting, there are two bridges, over both of which we passed. And thence for a considerable way wandering on the confines of the water, and encountering fresh beauties at every step we advanced, we at length arrived at a small boat, which, worked by the aid of pullies, carried us across the water, and lodged us within a few

few paces of our carriage. Altogether, this seat of Lord Coventry's is worthy of observation. Much pains have evidently been taken in the laying out of the grounds, and the care and attention which is paid to the keeping of them in order is not sufficiently to be admired.

From Crome-Court, we proceeded to Upton, a small town situated on the banks of the Severn, one hundred and nine miles from London, and thence continued our route to the Malvern Hills. Here, as at Cheltenham, we found a party of valetudinary friends. The spring at Malvern is perfectly transparent and cool. The chemical faculty reckon it good in many cases, especially where a disease has made no greater lodgement than to be merely cutaneous. One house accommodates the whole of the company; they pass their time agreeably enough: the terrace along the hills affords them

them a delightful walk; the spa is wholesome, and the air is exquisitely pure.

On the approach to the Malvern Hills, they appear of a much more considerable height than they really are: still, however, they are lofty; and, being situated in the midst of a level country, strike one with a degree of grandeur, which in any other situation they would be divested of. All matters are judged of by comparison. Shenstone, if I mistake not, had a view of Malvern from the Leasowes. Tender-hearted being! had he but approached them in the manner we did, he certainly would have realized the beauty of his own imagery, "My hills are white over with sheep." they being to the very summit covered with them. The evening itself too was still, and in short every thing breathed the air of calmness and serenity.

Ye caverns, with moss-cover'd o'er!
 Ye meadows of Spring's vernal hue!
 Ye birds, who fond skip on the shore!
 My plaints I must murmur to you.

Blithe Damon, the gay and the fair,
 Once woo'd and obtain'd my young heart,
 And, in rapture, would often declare,
 My virtues first pointed the dart.

With pleasure some moons fled by,
 Which saw neither sorrow nor care,
 Our loves with each other did vie,
 And the contest was equally dear.

Ah! had we thus charmingly liv'd,
 In reciprocal change o' regards,
 Still might we 'gainst Fortune have liv'd,
 Content with our frugal awards.

But, alas! my young shepherd is fled,
 Is fled from my love-straining arms,
 And chaunts to young Daphne, 'tis said,
 And tunes his lov'd pipe to her charms.

Ah! what have I then but to wail!
 Ah! what have I then but to moan!
 Fond plaints won't with Damon avail,
 He heeds not the heart that's his own.

These lines you may remember; they
 were a juvenile effort, an humble imitation
 of one of the kindest bards that ever sung.

Take them, then, with all their imperfections on their head. To alter them would but be to rob an old piece of lumber of its value,—the inestimable rust and verdigrease of age.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES.

Take them, then, with all their imperfections on their heads. For after they would but be to rob an old piece of lumber of its value — the insupportable and venal guests of age.

THE

POST VOL. 1

END OF THE FIRST FORM

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

CONTENTS

OF THE

FIRST VOLUME.

LETTER I.—Page 1.

EPISTOLARY Introduction—The cause of travelling traced to its source—Of man in an uncultivated state—In the first stages of society—In a more civilized condition—The advantages arising from travelling—The different classes of travellers—Observations on the extent of the metropolis of England—Pleasures attainable in London—Reflections on the wretched

VOL. I.

X

Situation

situation of women of the town, and on their seducers
~~—Of the Opera, Pantheon, Play-houses, &c.~~

L E T T E R II.—Page 19.

Observations on sundry places in a journey from
 London to Bath, Richmond, Windsor—Meditations
 on human nature.

L E T T E R III.—Page 33.

The journey continued—Eaton college—The ad-
 vantages and disadvantages of a public and of a private
 education—Account of an abrupt secession, upon some
 disgust, of the scholars belonging to Eaton school—
 Maidenhead bridge—Cliefden house—Reading Ab-
 bey—Anecdote of one of its Abbots—The city of
 Bath—Its antiquity—Baths—Quality of the waters—
 Buildings—Amusements—Prior Park—A poetical de-
 scription of it by Mrs. Chandler.

L E T T E R IV.—Page 56.

A tour from Bath through some of the southern
 parts of England—Mendip-hills—The city of Wells
 —Its

C O N T E N T S. 307

—Its cathedral, and public buildings—Instance of filial affection—Ancient tombs—The library—A literary imposition—Description of Okey-Hole, a famous cavern near Wells—A paper manufactory—The ancient abbey of Glastonbury, and account of Richard Whiting, the Abbot—The Torr—the celebrated holy thorn—Somerton and the extensive moor adjacent—Ivelchester, Yeovil, Shaftesbury.

L E T T E R V.—Page 91.

Wardour castle, the seat of Lord Arundel—The paintings—the pleasure-grounds, terrace, &c.—Short account of the most eminent painters and their works—Font-hill, the mansion of Mr. Beckford—His pictures and statues,

L E T T E R VI.—Page 131.

Stourton park, the residence of Mr. Hoare—Approach to it—Alfred's tower—House and paintings—Lawns, temples, grottos, &c.

LETTER VII.—Page 147.

Longleath, the seat of Lord Weymouth—The town of Warminster—Description of Stonehenge—The hippodrome and barrows which lie adjacent—The city of Salisbury—Its cathedral—A singular custom of the ancient choral bishops—A remarkable anecdote relative to this collegiate church, from the State Trials—Observations on the antient mode of adorning churches.

LETTER VIII.—Page 168.

The ruins of Old Sarum—An account of the statues, paintings, &c. at Wilton, the seat of the Earl of Pembroke.

LETTER IX.—Page 190.

Longford, the seat of the Earl of Radnor—Remarks on the park, house, furniture, pictures, &c.—Broadland, near Rumsay, belonging to Lord Palmerston—The town of Southampton—Villa of Mr. Stanley in the New Forest—The city of Winchester—Its

C O N T E N T S. 309

—Its cathedral—Famous school founded by William of Wickham—Hackwood, the seat of the Duke of Bolton—Silk manufactory at Overton—Benevolence of the proprietor, Mr. Stratwell—A catalogue of the choice collection of paintings at the seat of Mr. Methuen at Corsham, Wilts.

L E T T E R X.—Page 212.

Journey from Bath to Bristol—Ancient state of the city of Bristol—Remarks on the streets, Exchange, &c.—The Hot-wells—The beautiful village of Clifton—Durdham down—Bliss castle—The seat of Lord Clifford at King's-Weston, and catalogue of the pictures there.

L E T T E R XL.—Page 227.

A passage from the Hot-wells down the river Avon, and across the Severn to Chepstow in Wales—Chepstow castle, a place of some strength in the time of Charles I.—Observations on Pierrefield, the seat of Mr. Morris—The ancient and venerable abbey of Tintern—Inquiry into the origin of monastic institutions—Curious Letter from Dr. Layton to Cromwell
—Remains

—Remains of a tessellated Roman pavement in high preservation at Kerwent, between Newport and Chepstow—The town of Newport—Cardiff—The castle of Cardiff—The cathedral of Landaff—Red castle on the banks of the river Taff—Pontipriethe, a bridge consisting of one large arch over the last-mentioned river—The town of Caerphilly, with the ruins of its strong and capacious castle—Return through Newport to the Hot-wells near Bristol.

L E T T E R XII.—Page 256.

The pleasures of the foregoing journey succeeded by misfortune—The death of Eliza—Extempore lines bewailing her loss.

L E T T E R XIII.—Page 259.

The writer, in consequence of the accident related in the Twelfth Letter, leaves the Hot-wells, and arrives at Thornbury, the castle of which he describes—Remarks on Berkley castle—Place of confinement of Edward II.—Antiquity of the furniture—The parish church, with an account of the odd situation of its steeple.—Remains of Beverston castle.—Castles
first

first built in the time of the Conqueror—The town
 of Tetbury—Source of the river Avon—Observations
 on the woods and park of Earl Bathurst near Cirencester—The town of Cirencester—The Roman Fosse
 from Cirencester to Broad Campden—The church of
 Fairford—Its celebrated painted windows described—
 The seat of Mrs. Lamb, near this town—Delightful
 prospect from Hampden common—The town of Chel-
 tenham—The city of Gloucester—Its cathedral—
 Bishop Warburton's description of ancient churches,
 erroneously called Gothic—Antiquity—Manufactures
 The town of Tewksbury—Battle fought there anno
 1471—Crome Court, the seat of the Earl of Coventry
 —Remarks on the house, gardens, shrubbery, build-
 ings, views, &c.—Malvern wells and lofty hills—A
 sonnet.

C O R R I G E N D A

F O R

V O L U M E I. T O U R.

Page 86, line 13, before *other*, dele *the*.

— 154, — 15, for *imports*, read *imposts*.

— 217, — 4, for *hither*, read *thither*.

— 222, — 7, after *hurrying*, insert *therefore*.

— 229, — 3, for *these*, read *those*.

— 293, — 2, for *paocesses*, read *processes*.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

1009 5th Ave. New York, N.Y.
1897
1898
1899
1900
1901
1902
1903
1904
1905
1906
1907
1908
1909
1910
1911
1912
1913
1914
1915
1916
1917
1918
1919
1920
1921
1922
1923
1924
1925
1926
1927
1928
1929
1930
1931
1932
1933
1934
1935
1936
1937
1938
1939
1940
1941
1942
1943
1944
1945
1946
1947
1948
1949
1950
1951
1952
1953
1954
1955
1956
1957
1958
1959
1960
1961
1962
1963
1964
1965
1966
1967
1968
1969
1970
1971
1972
1973
1974
1975
1976
1977
1978
1979
1980
1981
1982
1983
1984
1985
1986
1987
1988
1989
1990
1991
1992
1993
1994
1995
1996
1997
1998
1999
2000
2001
2002
2003
2004
2005
2006
2007
2008
2009
2010
2011
2012
2013
2014
2015
2016
2017
2018
2019
2020
2021
2022
2023
2024
2025

